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Looking Forward

THE LESS YOU KNOW in detail about any responsible job which you entrust to a man, the more necessary it becomes to rely on that man's honesty and good faith. For you cannot be there to check his every action. And concerning what he does, you can have, for long periods of time, only his report. His character is your only guarantee against injury, loss or misapprehension.

THIS SIMPLE FACT of human relations is often lost sight of in these days of big corporations. Yet in our present industrial system power resides in management over long periods of time. Stockholders elect boards of directors, who in turn select committees and executive officers; and these officers in their turn direct the management of affairs. Annual or semi-annual printed reports take the place of personal reports.

IN THIS SITUATION it is becoming easier and easier every day for a man who heads a company or helps direct it to confuse what is strictly a guardianship of other people's property with a sense of personal ownership of that property —even a feeling that certain profits which can be made through manipulating the company's interests are, in a measure, a man's own money.

CONVERSELY, it is easy for the stockholder whose interest in a concern is confined to the income he receives from a slip of colored printed matter bearing its name (which he has bought, hoping it will soon fetch a higher price)—it is easy for this man, also, to forget his personal responsibility and for his part cease to take any interest whatever in what his company or its officers do, so long as it makes money, for him.

AS AN ILLUSTRATION of where this situation can lead men, the present fight between Colonel Stewart and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is most illuminating. Because of the effect its outcome will undoubtedly have on the ethics of corporate management and on public confidence in such management—and thus in turn on securities in general—Mr. Flynn's article heads this week's Outlook and Independent.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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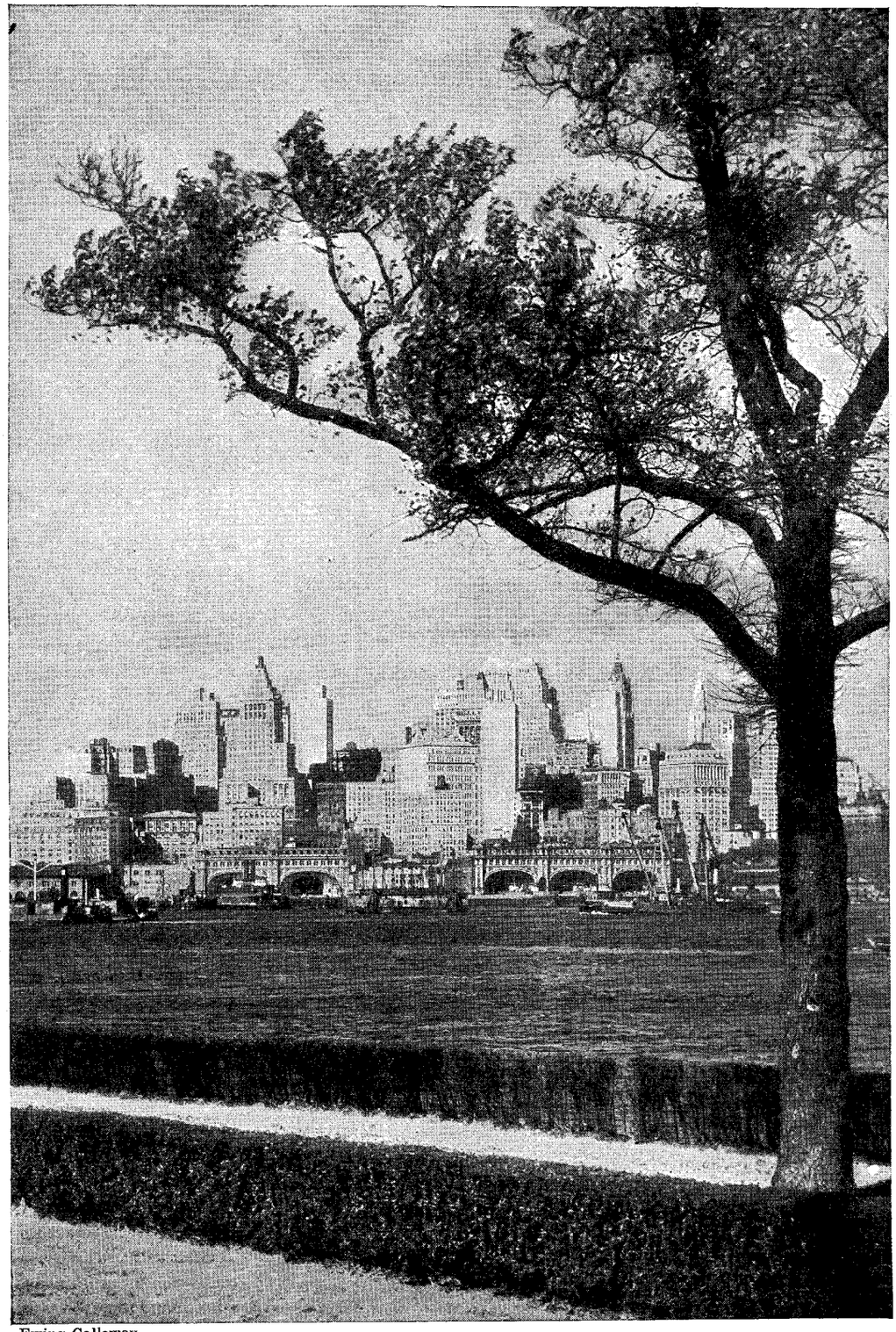

Ewing Galloway

BUILT ON THE ROCK OF MEN'S BELIEF IN ONE ANOTHER

The financial district of New York viewed from Governor's Island

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Outlook
and Independent
February 20, 1929

Colonel Stewart

And the Standard Oil of Indiana

By JOHN T. FLYNN

On March 7 the eyes of the business and financial world will be turned on Whiting, Indiana, where the stockholders of the Standard Oil of Indiana will meet to choose between the chairman of that company, Colonel Stewart, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and his friends who seek to oust the Colonel because of what they consider his dishonest business transactions. Mr. Flynn, the author of this article, is a well-known business writer who has made an investigation of the subject for us. The decision of the stockholders will have a widespread influence on American business ethics

ON A November day back in 1921 a little group of men put their heads together in a room of the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York. One of them was a veteran oil prospector—A. E. Humphreys—able, much respected, a picturesque, square-shooting old wildcatter who had just hit it rich. He had oil to sell—millions of barrels. The other men in that room were there to buy it. Be sure now to look closely at them for they are sitting down to the opening of one of the most remarkable episodes in American business history.

One was Harry M. Blackmer, chairman of the board of the Midwest Refining Company. He was a dashing figure—a lawyer who had made a fortune at the bar; a banker who had turned another fortune in finance, a railroader who had rescued poor old Moffatt's ill-starred Continental Divide from its ashes and made it into gold; and now an oil magnate—a gay, colorful, sport and life-loving adventurer who lived like a prince and spent money like a Monte Cristo. Another was J. E. O'Neil, chairman of the board of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, quiet, serious, religious, a bit frail in health, but an astute trader. A third member of the buying group was Harry F. Sinclair, head of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company, worth many millions, a gambler in his soul, with the greatest stable of race horses among his toys, spreading out his vast, intricate and audacious financial schemes over the globe.

The fourth member of this powerful quartet was Colonel Robert Wright Stewart—massive, breezy, shouldering, domineering master of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the largest single manufacturer and marketer of petroleum in the world.

THESE MEN wanted Humphreys's oil. They had been negotiating for it for months, not for themselves, of course, but for their respective companies. They went into that room, in fact, as the purchasing agents—the trusted purchasing agents—of the great corporations which they headed.

They had made a deal with Humphreys. They would take his oil—33,333,333 barrels—at $1.50 a barrel. The oil was to go to the Prairie Oil and Gas Co. (O'Neil's corporation) and the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. This last belonged jointly to Sinclair's corporation and to Stewart's. Everything was settled. Humphreys had called in ex-Senator Thomas of Colorado, his attorney, to draw up the contracts. Thomas had all the facts of the deal noted down. He was about to go into the next room to dictate a contract of sale to the Prairie Company and the Sinclair and Stewart companies at $1.50 a barrel when Blackmer spoke up.

"In making that contract, Senator," he said, "the oil is to be bought by the Continental Trading Company of Canada."

So the Stewart and Sinclair and O'Neil Companies are not to get it, eh? What is the Continental Trading Company? Who is in it? Has it any financial standing? Can it handle this oil and pay for it? These questions ran through Thomas's mind and Humphreys's. But the four great oil men quickly quieted their fears. Their companies would guarantee all the payments. Never mind about the Continental. The Standard and the Sinclair Consolidated and the Prairie Company will put their credit behind this fifty-million-dollar purchase. That satisfied Humphreys and his lawyer, and the latter withdrew to prepare the papers.

NEXT DAY they met again. The papers were ready—a contract for the sale of 33,333,333 barrels of oil to the Continental Trading Company of Toronto, Canada. But another member had joined the cast of characters. He was Mr. H. C. Osler, of Toronto, introduced to Thomas and Humphreys as president of the Continental Trading Company. Blackmer and Stewart and Sinclair and O'Neil had handled all the negotiations for the sale of this oil by Humphreys at $1.50 a barrel. The president of the Continental never ap-

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peared until it was time to sign the contract. Stewart and Sinclair and O'Neil on behalf of their companies signed as guarantors. Then Humphreys and his lawyer withdrew.

Immediately Osler, as president of the Continental, signed another contract, selling that same oil to the Stewart, Sinclair and O'Neil companies at $1.75 a barrel. In other words, on the 33,333,333 barrels this Continental Company stood to make twenty-five cents a barrel—a total of more than $8,000,000.

Now then, who was this Continental Trading Company? Who was to make this $8,000,000?

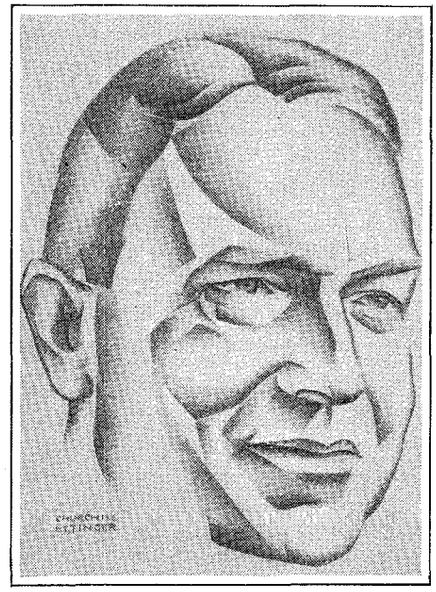
While Stewart *et al.* were in New York settling the details of the purchase from Humphreys, Osler, a lawyer in Toronto, was frantically bringing the Continental Trading Company into existence. It was organized the same day Stewart and his friends closed with Humphreys. And Osler came hurrying to New York to be in at the final rites. The directors and the stockholders were all clerks in Osler's office. The simple fact is that the Continental Trading Company was a pure fiction, a corporate ghost. Osler later declared that it was "nothing more than a corporate clerk in his office." He really acted for a client. Who the client was he would never divulge, taking refuge behind his professional privilege. And now here is what happened to the Continental. It never really made $8,000,000, but did make $3,080,000. For two years Humphreys delivered his oil direct to the Prairie and the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. These companies sent their checks to Osler in Toronto at the rate of $1.75 per barrel and he paid Humphreys at the rate of $1.50, withholding twenty-five cents on every barrel. After two years the Sinclair Company and the Prairie Company bought from the Continental the undelivered portion of its contract for $400,000.

This contract was sold back to this company at the time the oil scandals were beginning to be investigated by the Senate. Mr. Osler then returned the charter of the company for cancelation. destroyed all the papers and called the incident closed. The $3,080,000 of profits he invested in Liberty bonds. These Liberty bonds, less the expenses, were divided into four packages of $750,000 each. And Mr. Osler delivered one package to Blackmer, one to Sinclair, one to O'Neil and the other to Colonel Stewart.

In other words, these gentlemen, acting as purchasing agents for their respective companies, had the oil which they purchased nominally transferred to a dummy corporation, then re-sold it to the companies they represented at a profit of over $3,000,000. This rake-off was divided among these four corporation heads, each of whom wound up with $750,000 of Liberty bonds in his possession.

More than seven years passed, and no hint of this strange episode ever reached the public or the stockholders, and probably never would have but for one of those inexplicable twists of Fate which men always leave out of their calculations until it is too late to repair the damage they work.

Just about this same time another and a wholly unrelated transaction was



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

in progress. Harry Sinclair was dealing with Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall for that rich oil field, Teapot Dome, and E. L. Doheny was arranging for the equally valuable concession in the Elk Hills reserve, both belonging to the Navy Department. For these more than royal gifts both Sinclair and Doheny were forced to pay liberally by that voracious scoundrel—Fall. In a famous little black bag Doheny delivered to Fall $100,000. Sinclair gave him $230,500. Doheny paid in cash. But Sinclair sent his payment in bonds. And as Mr. Sinclair fumbled among his securities for the right amount to send Fall, one can imagine that impish Goddess of Fate slyly pushing into his fingers some of those very Liberty bonds which he had received from the Continental Trading Company. That was a pure accident. Other bonds might equally well have been selected. But by that one curious mischance Sinclair laid a trail which was to bare all the details of the transaction in Blackmer's Vanderbilt Hotel suite. When the bonds went to Fall the damage was done.

Then came an explosion. Fall's perfidy became known. The Senate under Senator Walsh's leadership began its famous investigation. Fall was driven from the Cabinet. He was indicted. So were Sinclair and Doheny. A civil suit was begun against both these gentlemen to recover the stolen naval oil reserves. The whole episode dragged its slow length along. Finally the civil suit was set for trial at Cheyenne, Wyoming. A young law assistant, rooting among Fall's bank deals, came across a lot of Liberty bonds—$230,500 worth. He noted the numbers. Then through the Treasury Department, lawyers for the Government began to trace those bonds by the numbers. They turned out to be bonds which at one time had been bought by the Continental Trading Company. Thus the trails of these two scandals crossed—and all the result of that odd mischance by which Sinclair had casually selected those Liberty bonds to pay Fall.

Further digging by the Senate revealed that the Continental had purchased at different times $3,080,000 of bonds. Then Senator Thomas came forward and told as much of the story as he knew—how the Continental had bought Humphreys's oil and how Stewart and Sinclair and Blackmer and O'Neil and Osler had appeared in the deal. Senator Walsh sent for these gentlemen. But they had flown—Blackmer to Paris, O'Neil to parts unknown, Osler to hunt lions in Africa, Stewart on an unknown mission. Sinclair was under indictment and hence could not be forced to testify. Whenever the Senate committee wanted Stewart he seemed to have business for the Standard Oil in some other part of the world—in Cuba, in Mexico, in Europe. His evasion of the Senate's process was assuming the proportions of a scandal. Finally in January of last year, while he was in Havana and getting ready to go to Mexico and the Senate was making preparations to go after him, young John D. Rockefeller wired him:

"Nothing short of the fullest and most complete statement of all the facts

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can remove the cloud of suspicion which hangs over the entire industry . . . . You owe it to yourself and to your associates, stockholders and the public to help bring these transactions into the fullest light . . . . I urge you with all the influence I possess not to wait for an invitation from the Senate committee which has been appointed to look into the matter, much less a subpœna, to appear before it, but to wire Senator Walsh at once offering to put yourself at the disposal of the committee to tell all you know about the matter."

In answer to that peremptory appeal from Rockefeller, Colonel Stewart decided to change his plans and appear before the Senate committee. He took the witness stand February 2 last year and faced Senator Walsh.

Now remember that at this time the committee did not yet know who the Continental Trading Company was or who had received the profits from that deal. Here is an excerpt from Colonel Stewart's testimony.

SENATOR WALSH: Did you have any interest in the Continental Trading Company in any way?

STEWART: None whatever.

SENATOR WALSH: Do you know who the parties were who did have an interest?

STEWART: I did not.

* * * *

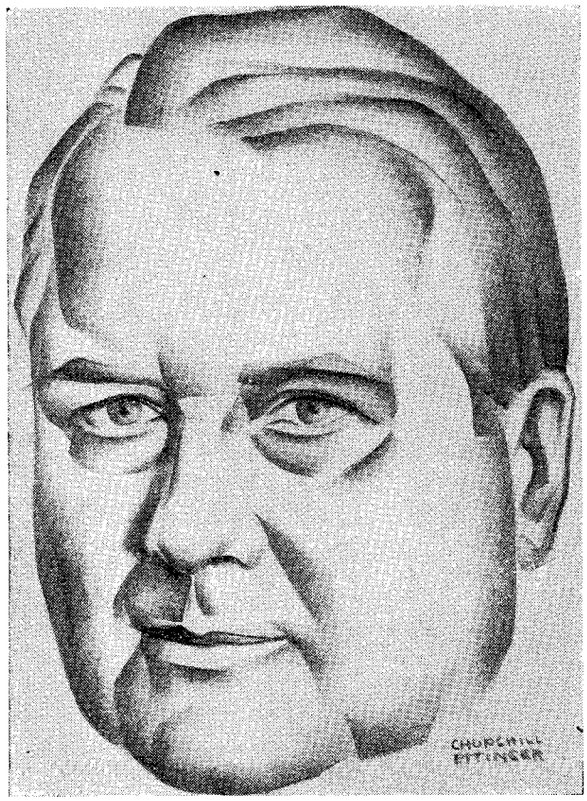
STEWART: I did not know anything about the bonds. I never had anything to do with the distribution of the bonds.

Now at that very moment Colonel Stewart had in his safe $750,000 of these bonds. In spite of that, when asked another question by Senator Nye, he replied:

"Senator Nye, I did not personally receive any of those bonds or make a dollar out of them."

He repeated this statement over and over again. And when he was pressed as to the parties interested in the Continental Trading Company he refused to answer. For this he was indicted by the Senate for contempt. It was after this incident that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., summoned before the Senate Committee, declared "that I am bitterly disappointed that Colonel Stewart did not answer all the questions asked of him."

But now that "tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive" began to wrap its filaments about the Colonel. Senator Walsh, moving with the "dogged tread of doom," the very spirit incarnate of retributive justice, went on digging with almost demoniac obstinacy at this unholy mess. O'Neil, hiding from his conscience in a French monastery, feeling that his health was broken and that death looked into his face, crept back to Canada and returned to his corporation, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, the amount he had received as his share of the Continental deal—$800,000, being $750,000 in bonds and accumulated interest. Blackmer, too, sneaked into Canada, met his attorney



COLONEL ROBERT W. STEWART

secretly, and disgorged $736,000.

It was now plain to the Senate that Blackmer had received a fourth, O'Neil a fourth and Sinclair a fourth of the Continental profits. Who had got the other fourth? All eyes turned toward Stewart. The net was closing around him. Then came to light the final inculpatory fact. An investigator of the committee traced to Stewart's bank account the cashing of Liberty bond interest coupons in June and December, 1922, and in June and December, 1923. These sums were for $13,125 each. This represented precisely the interest on $750,000 of bonds—the amount of the unaccounted-for fourth. Stewart's whole massive body was now completely in the trap. He was called before the Senate committee again and this time he came under a moral compulsion to explain his embarrassing position. And he told an amazing story.

He admitted he had received $750,000. He admitted that the bonds had been for seven years in his possession until three days before this last appearance. He declared that when the Continental deal was made he did not know he was to get any part of the profit. Some time later, however, Osler visited him at Chicago and delivered the first instalment of the bonds he received. He protested against it, he said, but he took the bonds. He kept them for seven years. He never told his board of directors anything about it. He testified, however, that he called in an employee of the Standard—the tax commissioner—and confided in him, announced that he wanted to put the bonds in trust for the Standard, asked the employee to act as trustee, wrote out in pencil a hasty trust assignment and put the bonds in the trustee's possession. Four times thereafter Colonel Stewart cashed interest coupons and put the money in his own bank account; but that he made good, he swore, by delivering to the trustee Liberty bonds to cover the interest. Then—after the interest payments had been traced to his bank account and three days before his testimony—he told the whole story to his directors, took them to his bank vault and delivered the bonds to them—seven years after he had received them and only after the Senate had come practically into possession of the facts.

Stewart was tried for contempt of the Senate and for perjury. He was acquitted on both charges. But his defense in both cases was based on technicalities. In the perjury charge his attorney moved the court to direct a verdict of acquittal reciting eleven reasons and all of them legal technicalities, none of them based on his innocence. The chief reason was that when Colonel Stewart gave his testimony there was not a quorum of the Senate committee present.

This is the plain statement of the unpleasant incident which forms the basis

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Underwood

HARRY M. BLACKMER

He fled to France when the oil investigation began

of Mr. Rockefeller's campaign to oust Stewart from the chairmanship of the board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The editor of the "New York Evening Post" pours a libation on the fine ethics of modern big business in this generation and observes that even the effort of Mr. Rockefeller to thrust Colonel Stewart from his high post is not based on any moral turpitude in the management of that business but because of his failure to enlighten the public, as Colonel Stewart should have done, in connection with the scandalous proceedings of a corporation using secret and reprehensible methods.

Of course the editor completely misses the point. The transactions which I have narrated above had nothing to do with the oil scandals. They came out merely as an incident of the probing of those scandals and because the trail of one ugly deal by a strange mishap happened to cross the trail of the other. Mr. Rockefeller is asking the elimination of Colonel Stewart because as the purchasing agent of the Standard he went into a deal with others in which the Standard was made to pay an illegal profit of twenty-five cents a barrel on the oil it bought and because Colonel Stewart kept this business a secret from his board of directors and then turned up seven years later with part of these profits in his possession and an explanation which strains credulity.

Colonel Stewart testified that he had been sent after that oil by the Standard directors. The actual negotiations for the Continental deal were handled by Blackmer—the pitiful fugitive now in Paris. But Blackmer was in constant correspondence with Stewart preceding the deal; he wrote saying he would "follow Stewart's instructions;" he was head of the Midwest Refining Company and that concern was owned by Stewart's corporation—the Standard of Indiana.

And now Colonel Stewart must face another tribunal—he is at the bar of the 58,000 stockholders of his own company. The shadows are gathering around him. There would be something pathetic in this unlovely dénouement to one of those Horatio Alger success careers which American business loves to celebrate, were it not for the pugnacious and rude insolence with which Colonel Stewart has borne himself throughout the whole deal. He has flung insults about him with a free tongue. Sitting on the witness stand, and with the incriminating bonds locked secretly in his safe, he yet shook his finger under the very nose of Senator Walsh and challenged any insinuation that he had profited a dollar out of the transaction. Another day, after the bonds had been traced to his possession and when he was retailing under oath the amazing yarn with which he explained his share in the deal, he turned upon Senator Nye with a blustering sneer and said: "Why, you're crazy."

Looking at the man and his manner it is easy to understand that he came into the world the son of a Cedar Rapids blacksmith. His massive frame reveals that lineage. His favorite tool, intellectually, spiritually, conversationally, is the sledge hammer. He answers to all the specifications of the self-made man. He went to Coe College, Iowa, going into it just about the time Jim Reed was coming out to be the scourge of business men like Stewart. Then he went to New Haven and worked his way through Yale Law School. He got his sheepskin in 1888. But his eyes were on the West and two years later he hocked his watch and set out for Pierre, the new capital of the new State of South Dakota. He got a job in a Pierre law office before he finished the journey. And he plunged at once into politics. It didn't take him long to become prosecuting attorney of Hughes County and later State Senator. Then America broke out in war for the liberation of Cuba. Young Stewart broke out with it, joined up with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and, a first-class shooting, riding man, he soon became a major. But he didn't get to Cuba. His portion of Roosevelt's wild legion was halted at Florida. After the war he went back to Pierre. The Governor made him commander of the State militia and for eighteen years he was the marshal of the embattled armies of South Dakota. That's how he got to be Colonel. The rôle suits him. He is essentially a military chieftain, an autocrat, who thrives best where there is none to question. The board of directors of the Standard are really his em-

(Please Turn to Page 316)

Underwood

HARRY F. SINCLAIR

His casual selection of Liberty Bonds led to the Rockefeller-Stewart struggle

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Under Which Flag?

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

GERMANY presents the strange anomaly of a nation that doesn't like its flag. There are plenty of Germans, to be sure, who are quite content to live beneath the folds of the black, red, and gold banner which is the emblem of the German Republic; but one cannot help thinking that, of all the citizens of that republic, if a vote were taken the result would show a considerable majority in favor of the black-white-and-red colors which floated over this country before the collapse of its imperial Government in the autumn of 1918.

Predictions are often heard here and elsewhere in Germany that some day the old flag will be restored to its former official status, without affecting in the least the republican form of government under which Germans are living. In fact, there are many German republicans who prefer the old colors to the new.

But the most ardent upholders of the republic fall into a rage at the slightest hint of the advisability of going back to the old flag; to them it is simply and solely the insignia of the German Empire, of Wilhelm Hohenzollern and the rest of his clan, of the generals and statesmen who led the Germans to defeat in the dark years between 1914 and 1918. So they will have none of it. And every time the flag question comes up for discussion—which is often—they raise such a hue and cry that the partisans of the black, red and white banner are silenced for the time being, and the black, red and gold flag continues to wave over the land of the Teutons.

Recently the old controversy flared up anew when a special committee of the Reichstag met to decide what punishment should be meted out to persons insulting the German flag. The friends of the old banner tried to have included among those liable to punishment everybody using derogatory epithets against the old black, red and white German flag or insulting it in any other way. But after a considerable amount of debate—which revived in the newspapers and in conversations all over Germany the whole array of threadbare arguments for or against the two banners—it was decided that "insulting the flag" meant only insulting the black, red and gold one of the German Republic, and that, reprehensible though their actions might be, any persons taunting the banner which, before 1918, was the German national emblem, could not be punished.

The decision raised a howl of protest, among German monarchists particularly, to whom the old colors are sacred. Ultra-republicans, however, were quite satisfied with it, since they resent any assumption that there is any flag in Germany today besides the new black, red and gold one.

NO MATTER how much they resent it, however, it is true that Germany is a country with two flags. Many thousands of Germans still look upon the old colors as the true ones, and show their partiality to them on every possible occasion. When old Marshal von Hindenburg made his triumphal entry into Berlin, on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the German Republic, the capital of that republic presented the amazing spectacle of a city decked out in colors considered by many a direct affront to all that is republican. There were plenty of black, red and gold banners also—they flew, for instance, over every public building, and the republican colors were draped on many windows and balconies all over Berlin and worn by thousands of ardent upholders of republicanism.

Nevertheless, there was more black, red and white to be seen. Those are the colors which are enshrined in the hearts of the majority of Germans as the national colors of the Fatherland and they do not hesitate to show their affection for the old flag whenever they get a chance. The day of Hindenburg's inauguration was an excellent chance and, irrespective of whether they liked the republican form of government or not, thousands of his fellow-citizens utilized that day to record their feelings in the great controversy.

The friends of the old flag may be divided into two classes: those who like it principally because it was the emblem of monarchy, and those who revere it as the banner under which Germany rose to a commanding position among the nations of the earth.

The first-named class of Germans are perfectly frank in their attitude; having remained monarchists despite the advent of the German republic, they object to the new flag because it represents the new régime which they hate; they rally around the old colors in the hope that not only they but the monarchy will come back some day to Germany. The other class of black, red and white partisans brush aside as irrelevant the fact that the old flag was that of the German Empire; the important point in its favor, they contend, is that, having waved over Germany during the prewar era when she was rich and powerful, it means far more to Germans than the new flag, which is without traditions of any sort.

"What? Without traditions?" snort the friends of the new flag. And they proceed to remind those who don't agree with them, in many and heated words, of the glorious days of 1848, when German republicans like Carl Schurz fought under the black, red and gold flag against the despotism of German princes. "Without traditions, indeed!"

SO THE ARGUMENT continues, with fiery words bandied back and forth, and furious waving of black, red and gold and black, red and white. The dispute is not without amusing incidents. For instance, some hotel-keepers and merchants here in Berlin, who do not like the republican colors yet do not wish to incur the displeasure of the republican authorities by flying the old flag over their premises on national holidays, or by not showing any colors at all, have hit on the expedient of using the Prussian flag on such occasions. For Berlin, it must be remembered, besides being the capital of Germany, is also the capital of Prussia. So, whenever there is need for flag-raising, these astute believers in the doctrine of playing safe hoist to the top of their flag-poles the black and white banner of Prussia, about which there is no controversy at all. Of course, they arouse resentment both among the friends of the old German flag, who brand them as cowards, and among the friends of the new who consider them veiled foes of the republic. But neither party can do anything about it except growl and curse.

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From the Life

The Magic Shoemaker

By IBBY HALL

SEVEN generations ago there lived a shoemaker who had a great passion for his work; so great a passion, indeed, that for all generations that were to follow, down to the present day, his son and his son's son and the descendants of that son were all to be concerned with providing the world with shoes. As a family they had seen mankind change from horse to steam, to electricity, to gasoline. And, at last, to wings. But always it had needed shoes.

Through seven generations this passion for making shoes increased until there was born the eighth shoemaker who was resolved to make more than shoes—to make magic shoes. The magic sought by this shoemaker was simple. From youth he had thought about it and pondered over it. Ever since the age of fourteen, when he had taken up the legendary trade of his family, he had worked with this idea of magic illuminating his mind and informing his hand. Yes, he would make a shoe that would transform mankind. A shoe that would fit, not only the flesh and bone of the foot, but the secret framework of the body above it. A shoe so cunningly contrived that the person who wore it would be possessed of perfect balance.

The youthful shoemaker brooded over his problem. Behind him stood the angels of seven generations. In front of him was a world of humanity intent upon flying before it had learned the secret of its foot. He bent over his last and studied that secret.

It was whispered at first in the country-side and then talked of loudly in the town, that a magic shoemaker had appeared in the land. Fabulous stories were told everywhere of his miracles. Those fortunte persons who had bought his shoes carried a charm about them. They never knew a moment's illness. They traveled miles without fatigue. Cripples who had entered his shop had come out straight. More than that, unfortunates suffering from obscure diseases were transformed into living men, once they were persuaded to put on these magic shoes.

The fame of the shoemaker reached the City at last, and the City paused for a moment to hear about it. What was this—a magic shoemaker? The City had its own shoemakers, its own magicians, its seven-league boots. In the City one had scarcely any need for shoes. The lame were safer off the streets. Those who walked had better ride. The street cars, like great bell-ringers, went clanging up and down, calling out their warnings to those people who would get somewhere. Climb aboard! Climb aboard! Or be run down. The motor cars, with staring eyes, plunged headlong down the narrow streets—great snorting dragons scaled with steel. And secretly beneath the cobble-stones and cellars, the serpents of the underground slid swiftly back and forth. The City was not interested in those who walked. It listened impatiently to the story of a magic shoemaker and rushed on about its business.

But the shoemaker had been listening always to stories of the City. As he worked he heard continually, like a song, the stories of careless gold, of spectacular fame. And the people! He could hear, like an endless refrain, that long tramp, tramp of marching feet on stone. He had only to close his eyes to see those great crowds that had never heard of him. Across the miles that stretched between them, the City was a challenge and a battlecry, screaming—What do I want of shoes? My trolleys and my trains, my trucks and flying machines, these are my shoes!

Was there only himself who considered that man always walked?

THE DAY came when the shoemaker had been troubled long enough. All in a moment he picked up his tools, packed his last and set out for the City. When he arrived he saw how far mankind (that had never learned to stand) had reached. His eye could not measure the distance that those stone peaks touched above him. His mind could not estimate the miles that ran beside the panting avenues. Well, here in the center of all this reaching and this running, he would open his shop. He would sell to this horde of hurrying people a perfect shoe that would right a man's body and let him stand straight upon his own feet.

In the beginning there were not many who cared about the shop of the new shoemaker. The City was already full of wonders, and this new wonder was a small one. Were there not shoes enough for everybody?

But the shoemaker was patient. He sat quietly in his shop and worked with his ideas and gradually those for whom he worked found out about him. One by one they came to buy his magic. The halt, the lame, the tired—those who had never learned to walk, those who never wished to stand. There was a room at the magic shoemaker's where the ones who had been made straight could lay aside their canes and crutches and supports. Cripples had gone out of this room whole and confident; and soon the room was talked about. There were those who came to the shop for curiosity, some from envy and suspicion, others from a desire to do him injury. But, more and more the crippled came. Finally, there came also the rich.

AND AT LAST the magic shoemaker was famous. Customers in shining equipages drove to his door and purchased his footwear. The value placed upon the shoes that bore his name increased until the figure was incredible. A thousand dollars for a pair of shoes? Five thousand dollars for a pair of shoes? It was unthinkable, but to those who purchased them the price seemed small.

But with every triumph of the magic shoemaker the City struck at him in secret ways. He was accused of fraud. There were those who were persuaded to declare that he had crippled them. Those whose business it was to cure men's bodies declared that the shoemaker was practicing without a permit. He was accused, and tried and acquitted. And sold his shoes. Again he was accused, and tried and acquitted. He returned to his shop to sell more shoes. The day came finally when the courts refused to believe the tales against him. The law itself declared that this man had a secret and that his shoes had magic properties.

The shoemaker might have rested now upon his laurels. He had made his ideas into shoes and fitted them upon the feet of humanity. He had established himself in the greatest City in the world to prove and justify his claims. He had fought this giant of

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A Modern Medusa

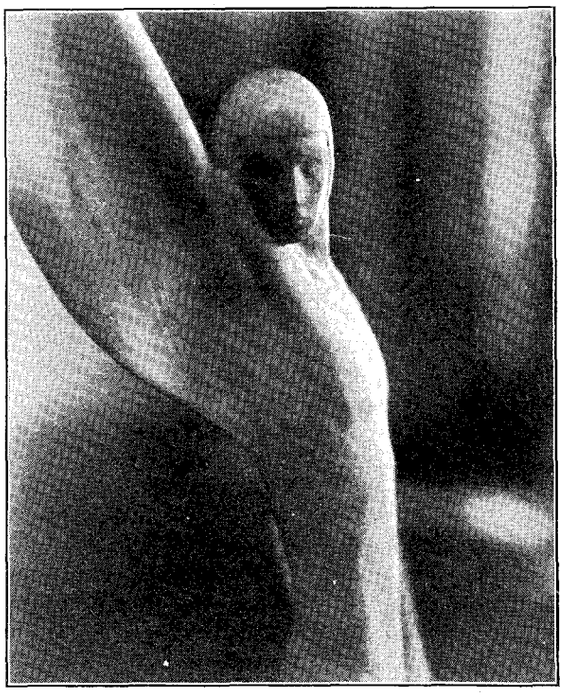
By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Mr. Oskar J. N. Hansen, Scandinavian by birth, American by adoption, has reached a new interpretation of classic ideas in sculpture. His themes are those of the Greeks, but, instead of contenting himself with recapturing the classic spirit, he has superposed upon Hellenic ideas some of the impressions which modern civilization molds upon the face of humanity. Mr. Bragdon is an architect and an artist in stage design

THE MEDUSA, that snake-wreathed Gorgon's head, whose glance turned the beholder to stone, is one of those timeless symbols of the antique world with power to stir the imagination of artists long after the glory that was Greece had paled to a mere memory. The Medusa face in its early presentments was hideous and distorted, with widely distended eyes, bared fangs and protruding tongue—a thing to scare away evil spirits. In later Hellenic art it assumed a strange and terrible beauty, its expression of intolerable torment subdued to one of suffering forever unassuaged. By the artists of the Italian Renaissance the symbol was seized upon, along with the rest of the Hellenic inheritance, and made to serve new uses, for the most part merely decorative, though Leonardo's painted Medusa head was invested with that peculiar, profound, enigmatic — almost ironic—beauty which characterized nearly everything to which he put his hand.

And now comes a modern sculptor who takes this Medusa mask and makes it the vehicle of expression of ideas and emotions to which antiquity was a stranger, for they are the bitter fruitage of that sky-hiding tree which we named modern civilization; he endeavors to represent, by means of this symbol, the travail of a soul "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." The thing is as alien to the spirit of Greek culture as to that of the Renaissance, but so near to the modern consciousness as to seem its mirror image, an almost too public portrayal of secret convulsions of the soul of which we all are victims, though each believes himself unique and singular.

This Medusa head is the work of Oskar J. N. Hansen, a Scandinavian by birth, an American by adoption. I think I violate no confidence when I quote what the sculptor himself says about it in a letter: "You remember the Medusa never went into her convulsion except when people came to gape at her and she became the subject of adverse conversation. Then came the spasms which by their terror turned the onlooker to stone. In other words, she was unable to maintain her own consciousness intact against the ideas imposed upon it from outside sources. Is not this a common condition in the world today? People pushed from behind by the crowd psychology and the machine menace until they turn into masks fearful to behold. I tried to indicate also the serene consciousness still active in the vestiges of this struggling mortality . . . "



ICARUS
"There Shall Be Wings"

Because I quote this pregnant passage from Mr. Hansen's letter I would not have the reader suppose that his Medusa stands in need of any explaining, either by him or by me. Such necessity would be the index of its failure as a work of art. This mask may mean one thing to one person and something different to another, because "the mind has a thousand eyes," but its success depends in the last analysis not upon aroused curiosities or philosophical concepts, but upon the beauty of its strangeness and the strangeness of its beauty, upon its potency, in other words, to induce a purely æsthetic emotion.

Mr. Hansen is so much the artist—in contradistinction to the preacher or the pedagogue—that I even suspect that the idea which he presents in his letter came to him after, or during the time he was actively at work, rather than before he started, and that what really attracted him to this subject was something far more interior and abstract, having no relation to times, past or present, nor to conditions, ancient or modern. And were I to hazard a guess as to the nature of this abstract idea, I should say that it was the resolving of some paradox, analogous to the paradox of sculpture itself, for the sculptor's problem is, how to capture and fix the evanescent, the transitory, in and by means of the hardest, the most recalcitrant though most enduring of materials: how to impart life and movement to that which is inert, how to telescope succession into simultaneity. I fancy that the attraction of the Medusa dwelt for Mr. Hansen principally and primarily in its own inherent nature, unconditioned by any of the special considerations dwelt upon in this letter. That essential nature, as I conceive it, is expressed in the title of one of Blake's poems, "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"—life and death, peace and pain, resignation and rebellion must be inextricably and indissolubly welded into a single memorable and significant image.

For in one sense, indeed, the Gorgon's head is a universal symbol, and this fusion of contradictory factors is of the very essence of life itself. If I want to see the Medusa face I need not go to look for it in galleries or museums, I have only to glance in the looking glass or out of the window and it is there. For in the reflected image of

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The Trend of Events

Fair and Warmer

POLITICAL weather prospects for the beginning of the Hoover Administration are favorable. No serious storms of adverse opinion are now discernible. Perhaps the tone of non-partisanship in the editorial pages of the opposition press is a subtle scheme to set up a standard too high for any President and therefore to store up disappointment with its inevitable reaction. But it is easier to believe that these editors mean what they say and really look to Mr. Hoover for great achievements.

In particular the press is expecting a Cabinet of high quality. Mr. Mellon's continuance as Secretary of the Treasury is accepted with at worst an untroubled spirit of resignation to the inevitable. Whatever the criticism of Mr. Mellon may be, it is not doubted that under his direction the Treasury of the United States is in a state of health and will continue to be. What interests the press far more is the one other Cabinet appointment which is regarded as certain—that of Henry L. Stimson as Secretary of State. Almost everywhere this is regarded as a favorable sign of the character of Mr. Hoover's forthcoming appointments. It is true that the Springfield "Republican" takes pains to point out that Mr. Stimson is a partisan—a pronounced partisan. It is also true that the Louisville "Courier-Jorunal" thinks that by his "meddling" with the affairs of the "free people" of Nicaragua, he showed himself not the man to carry out a conciliatory policy toward Latin America. But no one really complains that the Secretary of State of a Republican Administration should be a Republican; and the opinion is general that Mr. Stimson has shown great talents for diplomatic action in dealings with such alien peoples as the Nicaraguans and the Filipinos. His record has been examined, spread upon the record, and almost unanimously approved. As United States Attorney, fearless in prosecuting fraud; as a conservatively minded progressive, tactful in retaining friendship with the two antagonists, Taft and Roosevelt; as committee chairman in the New York Constitutional Convention, wise and able; as personal representative of President Coolidge in Nicaragua, skilful and firm; as reaper in the Philippines of what General Wood had sown, both strong and conciliatory — altogether Mr. Stimson passes his examination with a high mark. The press has endorsed the recommendations said to have been made by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Root.

Incidentally some newspapers seem fascinated by the report—"unconfirmed"—that a justice of the Supreme Court—Mr. Justice Stone—may resume his former place as Attorney-General. One paper thinks it is too much of a sacrifice to ask a man to make for the sake of enforcing prohibition. Others view the possibility more broadly. Is it good for the Court to have any member of it considered available for political office? Was the Hughes precedent a good one? Somebody big enough to be head of the Department of Justice is needed—and Mr. Justice Stone has the requisite measure. All this speculation is based on a rumor; but it raises a question of the relation of the judicial to the political branch of the Government that certainly warrants discussion.

Brown in the New York Herald-Tribune

Beginning a new page

Rapidly disappearing seems to be the old demand that Cabinet appointments be apportioned out according to geographical and political considerations. Some newspapers are quite reconciled to the idea that there should be but one test for a Cabinet appointment—individual merit. These newspapers expect Mr. Hoover to disregard every other test. They think he will select doers rather than talkers. They look to the inauguration, with Mr. Hoover, of an engineering age, and to such a choice of Mr. Hoover's assistants as would be made by an engineer in charge of a great project. Others, recognizing this as the Hoover ideal, predict trouble for the new President from those who will have grievances to cherish if their personal, political or geographical requirements are not fulfilled. Still others hold that geographical and personal considerations cannot be wholly disregarded; but that there are enough men of ability in the country to give Mr. Hoover ample choice without any lowering of the standards he would naturally set himself.

Equally considerate continue to be the newspaper views of the problems that Mr. Hoover will have to solve after inauguration. And chief of these at present seems to be the problem of relations with Great Britain on the sea. A few—very few—newspapers think that he will find the two countries in the first lap of a race for naval supremacy. That is what they think he will inherit as a consequence of the bill, passed by Congress, providing for the construction of fifteen ten-thousand ton cruisers and an airplane carrier. Even among these there is the feeling that Mr. Hoover will know how to stop the race. Prevailing editorial opinion, however, is that the cruiser bill poses an entirely different problem—that of clarifying the law of the sea. The rivalry with Great Britain, according to this view, will be one of sea-borne commerce. With the growth of our merchant marine it is plain that we in America will be less inclined than ever to allow any other nation to dominate the Atlantic or Pacific. Wo do not need a dominating navy ourselves; but we do need a navy that will make our voice heard. Our whole tendency is toward naval limitation. Conference without cruisers has failed. The building of cruisers threatens no one. It simply is a routine action to give our navy the eyes it has lacked. The hysterical talk about it as a danger to peace has been wholly irrelevant and has done harm by creating ill feeling. As yet there is no prospect of any clarification of sea law satisfactory to both countries; but the subject is capable of diplomatic settlement between equals. So long as there

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is peace the seas are free. If the two English-speaking peoples hold to the Kellogg Pact in good faith there is no reason why they should not find a common bond in keeping the peace and thus preserving the freedom of the seas. There are people of influence in Britain who see this and it will be our Government's business to bring about with them on that basis a cordial understanding. The bill authorizes the President to reach just such an understanding by agreement and treaty. This is the weight of opinion in the American press.

The Tariff Thunder Cloud

APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, Herbert Hoover's first clash with Congress may concern an economic rather than a political problem.

The question of tariff revision at the extra session finds the next Chief Executive and Republican leaders on Capitol Hill in some disagreement. Mr. Hoover appears to have won a great victory in convincing such a thoroughgoing protectionist as Senator Smoot of Utah that inordinate increases would be a blow at National prosperity, but it is noticeable that the Senator reserves the right to ask more protection for the beet sugar producers of his State. Similarly, members from other sections accept the Hoover theory except where it applies to local interests still felicitously known as "infant industries."

Representatives of almost every industry are asking higher rates at preliminary hearings held by the House Ways and Means Committee; the only group seeking downward revision are the importers. Besides urging more protection for manufactured articles, the industrialists also want extension of the free list on raw material. On this score there is conflict between industry and agriculture.

The farmer, too, is seeking his share of tariff benefits. More than 400 witnesses appeared on agricultural schedules alone, and their demands, in the opinion of committee members, are quite as importunate as the manufacturers'. Republican spokesmen are frank in admitting that to grant half the requests would mean that the consumer would eventually pay dearly for Mr. Hoover's victory last fall.

Mr. Hoover's friends in the House are the principal advocates of limited revision. They have pointed out that sweeping upward revision would endanger America's annual exports of $10,000,000,000, which the President-elect regards as a "prosperity balance." Mr. Hoover, who played such an important rôle in building up the foreign trade of the very men demanding tariff increases, is not likely to permit his party legislators to disregard these factors without a struggle.

A Threat for a Promise

ONE CRITICISM of the Kellogg Pact for renouncing war has been that it is indefinite and vague. It is as an attempt to make that act more definite and concrete that the Capper Resolution offered last week in Congress has aroused and will continue to arouse discussion. It does not put teeth into the pact in the sense of backing it with force; but it proposes a means by which the United

Underwood

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER

His Senate resolution would put teeth in the Kellogg Pact with an embargo on all arms and munitions

States will show its intention not only of abiding by that Pact but of treating as an outlaw any nation that violates it.

In brief the idea behind the Resolution is that a nation which renounces war and then resorts to war to gain an object is not entitled to supplies which ordinarily a neutral nation can provide for a belligerent. The Resolution declares that any country which violates its pledge to renounce war breaks its obligation with the United States. It therefore would authorize the President, whenever in his judgment any country violates the anti-war Pact, to proclaim (unless otherwise provided by Congress) that it should be unlawful to "export to such country arms, munitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war." The resolution commits the United States to the policy of not protecting its own nationals who give aid and comfort to a nation that violates the anti-war Pact and requests the President to negotiate agreements with other nations that they should not protect their nationals in such a case.

So widely are materials used in warfare that such an agreement might well result in what would practically be a general embargo. It has been questioned whether such power should be granted to the President; but the President has exercised similar power (with reference to Mexico, for example) for the attainment of other objects than that of preserving international peace. Business interests are very loath to countenance an embargo cutting off their markets and therefore would tend to act as a check upon hasty action.

Senator Capper has submitted the Resolution for discussion and for definite consideration by Congress at the session beginning next December.

We Go to Sea

DESPITE MINOR HINDRANCES, which for a time threatened indefinite delay, the sale of Government ships to private operators, will be consummated within a few days. P. W. Chapman & Company, brokers of New York and Chicago, are the purchasers; the price they will pay for the six vessels of the United States Lines and the five of the American Merchant Lines is $16,300,000, a figure which is represented as within a few thousand dollars of the book value of the ships. The Chapman bid was several million dollars higher than that of its nearest competitor.

The Shipping Board, the official Government agency which now operates the vessels, has already approved the Chapman offer by a vote of 6 to 1. A promise to submit its action to the Commerce Committee of the Senate, however, postponed completion of the transaction for a few days. The Shipping Board has full authority to dispose of the ships without consulting the Senate, and its action is the result of an agreement reached with the Commerce Committee after the Senate unanimously voted to investigate the financial liability and proposed policies of the bid-

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ders. Senator McKellar of Tennessee introduced the resolution authorizing the investigation; but, in conference between Shipping Board Commissioners and the Commerce Committee, a compromise was reached. Should the Commerce Committee raise objection to the present sale, the Shipping Board may still complete the transaction, in which course, it is said, it would have the approval of Mr. Coolidge.

Under the terms of the contract, the Chapman company will immediately begin construction of two vessels of the Leviathan class to round out the fleet. The policy of the company, it is understood, will still be subject to Government approval, since Mr. Chapman has promised to name no one to his board of directors who has not been endorsed by the Shipping Board. His financial plans for setting up the operating company have already been approved by the Board.

And so, unless some unforeseen circumstance intervenes, the spring will find America going to sea under the banner of private ownership. The United States Lines, removed from Government operation, will enter the competition to make America's passenger-carrying merchant marine one of the most powerful on the seas.

▸▸*If Only—*

IF THE SUBMARINE S-4, in which forty lives were lost in 1927 had then been equipped with "mechanical lungs" lives might have been saved. So, at least, the recent tests off Key West indicate. What some naval experts ridiculed as a wild proposal has been demonstrated in the S-4 itself, now elaborately equipped as an experimental sea laboratory.

An escape hatch was built on deck as an aid to the "lung" devised by Lieutenant Momsen and two other men. This "lung" is described as a sort of elaborate gas mask, and is said to be the first device enabling occupants of a too-long submerged submarine to breathe and live. Lieutenant Momsen and Chief Torpedoman Kolinoski went down in the S-4 to the sea bottom, closed the hatch (a steel, barrel-like thing, tall enough to stand up in), let water into it from a valve until the air in it was compressed to equal the pressure of the water outside, put on their masks (or lungs) filled with oxygen and soda of lime which absorbs the noxious carbon dioxide, opened a door into the sea from the escape hatch, and came to the surface, guided by a line with a buoy which they had released from within. Later tests showed that, with the "lungs" on, they could blow out the water in the S-4's ballast tanks and bring her to the surface.

There was a time when skepticism seemed to be the prevailing sentiment in official circles. It is gratifying to know now that the Naval Bureau of Construction and Repair is making such progress in providing protection for the courageous men and officers who go down in the sea in submarines.

▸▸*Sir Joseph Lectures on Art*

"SLANDER OF TITLE" is a phrase not familiar to the layman, but its application to real estate rights is ancient and

Weed in the New York Evening World

"Whose little boy are you, NOW?"

thence it was extended to other property rights. An action under that title is defined as one for "special damage sustained by speaking or publication of a slander of the plaintiff's title."

In the suit against Sir Joseph Duveen, one of the largest art dealers in the world, and a special enthusiast as regards Leonardo da Vinci, damages are asked because of an admitted interview in which he expressed his belief that a painting owned by the plaintiff, Mrs. Hahn, was a copy, (and, Sir Joseph says on the stand, a poor one at that) of a painting in the Louvre known as "La Belle Ferronière" attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. The matter is complicated by the fact that many experts now believe that the Louvre picture, although ancient and a superb work of art, was not painted by Leonardo. Sir Joseph at one time "deferred" to that view, although at heart he felt, he says, that it must be Leonardo's.

The case is giving judge, jury, experts and the general public an instructive and entertaining insight upon art, art critics and art sales. As we write, only one witness has been on the stand —Sir Joseph Duveen himself—and he was called by his opponents! Such a course is not unusual but it has its dangers. Presumably he will be cross-examined by his own lawyers and later will take the stand in his own behalf. He certainly has had the chance of a lifetime to express his own art ideals and principles.

One thing is already evident in this complex of art and law. A newspaper writer wondered if some of the talesmen knew whether the Louvre was an art museum, a hotel or a disease. Reports say they were all showing an intelligent interest and greatly enjoying their unique opportunity to get an art education. However this may be, it is obvious that in such a case, where experts, critics, dealers and owners are involved and where art opinions are a basis for damage claims (and indeed in all cases where it is alleged that damage is done to property by what is said about the title's genuineness), there should be some method of leaving the decision to recognized experts, such as neither judge nor jury can be.

In commercial questions, as we have pointed out before, arbitral discussion by specially fitted commissions already exists. It might well be extended to other classes of disputes outside the knowledge of the average jury.

▸▸*The Charges Against Stewart*

IN AN EXTENDED and explicit statement, Winthrop W. Aldrich, spokesman for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made clear the reasons why Mr. Rockefeller has undertaken leadership of the movement to oust Colonel Robert W. Stewart as Director and Chairman of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. It is not because of charges against Colonel Stewart of contempt of the Senate or of perjury, but of Colonel Stewart's "conduct over a period of years in connection with the transactions of the Continental Trading Company and his attitude toward his own company, toward the public, and toward public authority."

In the statement this conduct is reviewed item by item and date by date. It puts in another form the story which Mr. Flynn gives to our readers in this issue.

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The facts, as Mr. Aldrich says, are all matters of public record. Any stockholder who reads this statement and then votes for Colonel Stewart, does so with his eyes open.

Bird Sanctuaries

One of the wisest and most forward looking of conservation measures to run the gantlet of Congress is the Migratory Bird Refuge measure which has now received the approval of both Senate and House. This bill, which will undoubtedly receive the President's signature, provides $8,000,000 to be spent within the next ten years for the creation of bird sanctuaries. It is hoped that the money will be adequate to create 125 such refuges throughout the country.

The bill recognizes the fact that the preservation of wild fowl depends on something more than low bag limits. Migratory birds must have definite areas where they can feed and rest in peace. One such area has been privately provided in the bird sanctuary which was established by Edward Bok in Florida and dedicated recently by President Coolidge. The extraordinary quickness with which the birds themselves discover and turn to such sanctuaries has been dramatically illustrated by the private sanctuary created by Jack Miner of Kingsville, Ontario. In the limited area of Jack Miner's sanctuary thousands upon thousands of ducks and geese gather every year for food and protection.

Our neighbor, Canada, has already done much toward the creation of such bird sanctuaries. It is welcome news that the United States is at last about to do its part for the preservation of a heritage that belongs both to Canada and to the United States.

Mr. Moody Resigns

On account of a difference of opinion concerning policy, William R. Moody has resigned as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the three institutions which his father, the famous evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, founded.

It was at his father's death-bed that he was charged with carrying on the work of the Northfield Seminary for Girls, the Mt. Hermon School for Boys, and the Summer Bible and Missionary Conference. To that work he has devoted all his adult life. In 1912 when the two schools were merged under one organization he became president. In 1926 he was requested to resign as president and to assume the chairmanship of the board. He understood that he was to remain executive head and that the Rev. Elliott Speer as his successor in the presidency was to be his assistant. But it turned out that decisions which Mr. Moody had reached were reversed without consultation. The differences which he enumerates concern financial, educational and promotional policies and methods.

Not being willing to seem to endorse these policies, which he regards as contrary to the policies of the founder, Mr. Moody has resigned as chairman. To the trustees he expresses gratitude for their services and their friendship. He will conduct the Bible and Missionary Conference this summer and will remain on the board as a trustee.

The schools have had a strong religious influence and are proud of the number of missionaries they have produced.

Marriage and the Churches

The committee on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches has added one more to the growing list of studies of the problems of matrimony. The report blames the churches for spending too much energy on "abstract teaching to the neglect of pastoral oversight."

It acknowledges the fact that the study of the unadjusted home has been taken over to a considerable extent by physicians, lawyers, social workers and courts. The report condemns out of hand "marrying parsons" who commercialize their office and sensational parsons who connive at stunt marriages.

The report contends that "marriage which has children in mind, the right of children to happy homes, the joys of parenthood and the enrichment of life must have a new place in preaching and in the entire program of the Church;" that, "the ideal of a marriage for life is the only union which the Church can teach," and that "divorce, even when allowed by the Church, must be looked upon as a tragic and humiliating failure."

Marriage and the Married

Is marriage a failure? The Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick does not think so. But he thinks the married often are. What marriage does is to show the failures up.

"If a girl is selfish and vain, she may get on fairly well by herself. The worst of her does not come out. But marry her off and taking that selfish disposition into the intimacies of the marital relationship is like bringing invisible writing to the heat of a candle; it brings it all out . . . It is not marriage that is the failure; she is the failure.

"Or, if a man is a bit of a brute, he

Underwood

HOLDERS OF THE TRANSCONTINENTAL FLIGHT RECORD

Oscar Grubb and Captain Frank Hawks who flew from Los Angeles to New York in eighteen hours and twenty-two minutes, lowering the previous record by thirty-six minutes

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may pass for a good fellow by himself; but bring his coarseness and vulgarity into the intimacies of marriage, and the new relationship shows them up . . . . Marriage, when it is fulfilled is the most beautiful of all human relationships. But plenty of individuals are not fit for it."

▸▸Comfort for Fundamentalism

IT MAY SOON become necessary for biologists to employ a secret code in which to publish statements about evolution in the scientific periodicals which serve as their medium for the exchange of ideas, in order to prevent half-baked newspaper reporters from mistaking certain of their off-guard suggestions—"trial flights"—for real sensational news and spreading false interpretations to the four winds.

Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Smithsonian Institution recently proposed a new theory of animal evolution and appended to it the statement concerning animals that "there is not the slightest evidence that any one of the major groups arose from any other. Thus, so far as concerns the major groups, the creationists seem to have the better of the argument."

What Dr. Clark meant was not that there is no evolution—he affirms evolution—but that biologists who have linked up in a tree of evolution the major groups of animals such as the one-celled organisms, the multi-celled organisms, and other great categories, have done so by inference from an unproved postulate that all existing life had a single point of origin. Dr. Clark's tactical blunder was in not realizing beforehand that such statements, made for biologists alone, would surely be misunderstood by the press.

It seems likely that this *faux pas*, which has already given great comfort to the Fundamentalists, will be as impossible to retrace as the similar *faux pas* of the famous British geneticist, Bateson. Though forewarned not to make in misconstruable form the statement that the Darwin theory of evolution was out of the running, he did so. Biologists understood what he meant: not that evolution was defunct but that Darwin's particular theory of the cause or method of evolution was out of the running.

If the Reverend Mr. Straton and his Fundamentalist friends would read and could understand Dr. Clark's abstruse paper in the original, they would derive little comfort from it.

▸▸An Unofficial Ambassador

ELIHU ROOT'S visit to the World Court at Geneva is not on an official mission from the United States. It is on invitation from the Council of the League of Nations. It was he who drafted the statutes creating the Court, and it is to consider revisions of those statutes that he is to meet with the representatives of the member Governments.

The United States is not a member because the member states have not accepted the conditions on which the United States is willing to join. One of these conditions is that no advisory opinion on a case in which the United States claims an interest shall be given without the United States's consent. It is a question whether such advisory opinion now depends on the unanimous consent of the member governments. If it does, the American condition of joining is a claim to nothing exceptional.

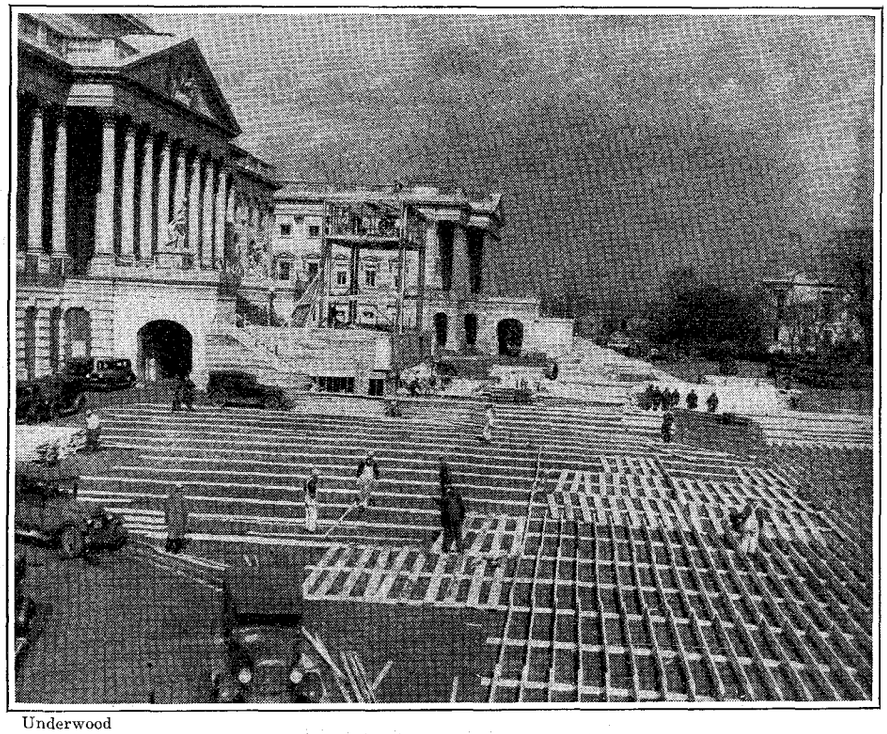
If Mr. Root can clear up doubts on this subject in European minds, he will remove the chief if not the only obstacle to America's full membership in the World Court.

▸▸France and Alsace

EVIDENTLY it is to be a long time before France can win the unqualified allegiance of all Alsace. After the recovery of the lost province from Germany, the French Governments that have succeeded one another since the war have tried various measures either to impose French culture or to secure the loyal adherence of its people. But it is an ironical, if inevitable fact that the population had changed character to a considerable extent under the half century of German rule, and consequently it could not turn with unmixed affection to Paris in place of Berlin. The autonomist movement among certain sections of the Alsatian people has disturbed relations with the French periodically, and it has lately led to a test vote in the Chamber of Deputies where the autonomists have representatives.

Premier Poincaré, who declared that there can be no question of the unity of Alsace and France and no sanction for autonomy, won a nearly unanimous victory on a declaration of confidence in the patriotic attachment of the populations of Alsace and Lorraine to the republic. That, for the moment, is that.

The trouble is caused partly by the now mixed elements in the population—some of them Alsatians with their own dialect and customs, some of them French, some of them German—naturally many more than fifty years ago. Further complications are due to religious differences. The Catholic interests claim a special position and



Underwood

PREPARING FOR MARCH 4

Planking and confusion as the Capitol grooms itself for the inauguration of Herbert Hoover

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privileges that they do not have in other parts of France under the separation of the church from the state. In particular, they ask public funds for the parochial schools, which they received under French administration before 1871, under Germany, and until 1924 when the Herriot Radical Socialist Cabinet discontinued the policy. Poincaré has temporarily bridged the religious gap by announcing that no attempt will be made in Alsace to apply the laws relating to church and state, until the population shows a clear desire for such a measure. But the issue remains to be settled.

The autonomist movement has its source among the German elements in the population, who win support from other disaffected groups. Not desiring to return to German rule, they resolutely resist at the same time any program designed to make them over into Frenchmen. Probably only time, and a recognition that this point of view must be taken into account, will reconcile the lost and regained province fully again to France.

The Vatican as a State

SECRECY has surrounded the actual text of the new agreement between the Roman Catholic Church and the Italian Government, and it will continue to surround it until it is presented to the Italian Chamber of Deputies in April.

No doubt exists, however, that by this agreement new sovereignty is conceded to the Vatican. What this is and what effect it will have on the position of the Church in the world at large remains a matter of speculation. Its effect will be seen as the policies of the Vatican are gradually disclosed.

There will be no large increase in the Vatican territory. Instead there will be an increase in the indemnities paid to the Vatican by Italy. All territory ceded to the Vatican will be its property outright.

Thus apparently will come to an end a period of Papal seclusion that began in 1870. As a sovereign the Pope now will be able to receive ambassadors, to coin money and to do other things that secular states do. It is reported that the policing of the Vatican will be undertaken by Italian authorities.

Under the agreement Italy, it is understood, accepts the canon law of the Church. This means that Roman Catholic ecclesiastical law will be enforced so far as it is applicable by government authority throughout Italy. Not for a century has the canon law of the Church been applied integrally in any country and its acceptance has been one of the main objects of Vatican diplomacy and is regarded as a great victory.

A first international consequence of the Roman accord is the revival of a movement to secure for the League of Nations and its officials in Switzerland a status similar to that now attained by the Vatican in Italy. Swiss authorities are far from cordial to the idea: but the precedent of the Vatican negotiations would appear to have weight.

Remarkable Remarks

England came out of the world war with a third of the earth, France came out with her arms full, Italy with her pockets full—and we got prohibition.—SENATOR SCHALL.

I am opposed to intolerance.—SENATOR HEFLIN.

All that marriage does is to show people up.—REV. DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK.

Faith itself is an exercise of reason.—REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

Heart disease and even cancer would be greatly lessened if men and women would learn to "rest in the Lord" and wait patiently for him. —REV. DR. CHRISTIAN F. REISNER.

Where the utterances of scientists differ from the Bible, the Bible is always right. — REV. ARTHUR R. KLEPS.

I think this Dutchman (Einstein) is just having a quiet laugh at the world's expense.—WILL ROGERS.

A house without a radio set might as well be a house without a window. —ARTHUR BRISBANE.

We are a commercial people who will never appreciate the true spirit of amateurism.—W. O. MCGEEHAN.

The worm may turn but not while Commissioner Whalen is controlling traffic.—ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER.

Clean Plays by Law

ACTORS IN NEW YORK, the theatrical center of the Nation, are asking that they be made exempt from criminal liability for theatrical productions padlocked on a charge of indecency.

A case which they cite illustrates the hardships that actors have had to undergo unjustly through the operation of the present law. In this instance sixteen actors were arrested when a play was raided by the police. There was no good ground for regarding the play as salacious, and later it was given a clean bill of health. But the actors were all bundled into a police van. In another case actors arrested and released on bail have been unable to get work because while awaiting trial they have been afraid to leave the jurisdiction of the court.

The hardship is due to the fact that a "clean play" law does not necessarily make clean plays. New York's law against obscenity has been utilized in barring from the stage such tragic studies of life as "The Vengeance of God" and "The Captive." And while such serious and thoughtful dramas have been arousing the indignation of the police and the District Attorney, the same vices which these plays treat without allurement have served on the burlesque stage as a constant source for the jests of low comedians. Among the stock jokes of Broadway is the subject which a banned play treated seriously.

As long as the taste of those in authority can be so weirdly illogical the right of the actor will remain presumably identical with the right of the public to protection against arbitrary censorship.

The Kellogg Example

WITHOUT WAITING for formal action by all the great Powers to put the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Paris in full force internationally, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, Rumania and Soviet Russia have agreed to put it in operation between them at once. Signing a special and separate ratification pact for their five countries, the diplomats who met in the Soviet Foreign Office inaugurated a new régime along the troubled frontiers of Eastern Europe. Between most of them, and particularly between Poland, Rumania and Soviet Russia, there have been grave difficulties, over the boundaries between Poland and Russia and over the Rumanian annexation of Bessarabia from southern Russia. Their signature of the new joint agreement to give immediate effect to the treaty renouncing war means at least that a solution of unsettled differences is to be sought by pacific means.

Neither Finland nor Lithuania has

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Acme

THE RED BALL IS UP

The frozen Lincoln Memorial Pool in Washington is attracting many skaters

adhered to the new understanding. Antagonism between Lithuania and Poland over the Polish seizure of the Vilna region stood in the way, on the one hand; and on the other, Finland is in a distinctive and more isolated position. But later acceptance of the general Pact of Paris is expected to bring them into line.

▶▶*Business On Wings*

THERE ARE gratifying indications that aviation is becoming less and less spectacular and more and more a part of regular commercial activity. In the first half of this month instances of the kind were prominent in news records and among the more notable were:

Lindbergh's flight to the Canal Zone —not because of distance or danger, but because it inaugurated the regular air mail service between the United States and Panama and because it kept schedule time to a minute.

Captain Hawkes's transcontinental flight—not because it cut half an hour off the transcontinental record, but because it roused little popular enthusiasm and some sound condemnation for flying at this season; he courted death and disaster and nearly met them. Hawkes saved half an hour and barely saved his life.

Other notable air-news items were:

The statement from the Department of Commerce that many plane manufacturers are selling air planes on the instalment plan, like motor cars and washing machines.

The matter-of-fact announcement of forthcoming seaplane service twice a day between New York and Albany—time eighty minutes; get your luncheon on board.

The boast of Buffalo that she has six airplane factories and hopes to be to the aircraft industry what Detroit is to the automobile business.

The Post Office Department's statement that the rates paid to mail contractors will be revised, generally downward. That is to say, business is good, the work is becoming standardized. The time has come for air transportation to be regulated as a public utility.

Postmaster-General New's address at the Progress Dinner of united business interests. He was justified in his "pardonable pride" in our foreign air-mail expansion north and south and in the fact that our mail routes in this country operate twenty-four hours a day, include twenty-three routes in the United States, serve 100 large American cities, carry seven and a half tons of mail a day, and fly over 30,000 miles daily.

To sum up, we quote from the report of the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics: "Probably the outstanding aeronautical achievement of 1928 was the demonstration by private enterprise that air transport can be made a profitable business without government subsidy." And 1929 will evidently make the demonstration more conclusive.

▶▶*A Massachusetts Reform*

SACCO AND VANZETTI are apparently going to leave their impression upon the legal procedure of the Commonwealth that executed them.

Before a joint committee of the two Houses of the Massachusetts General Court (as the Legislature of that State is called) proposals in the form of bills were presented by the Massachusetts Bar Association for making the judicial system of the Commonwealth a more flexible instrument of justice. One bill would enable a single justice of the Supreme Court to stay an execution pending the final determination of a judicial question. The other bill would give the Supreme Court power as it does not have to consider on appeal the evidence in a capital case and, if satisfied that the verdict was against the law or weight of evidence or that there was sufficient new evidence, to order a new trial.

The bearing of these proposals upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case is obvious. It was because the trial judge in that case was able to pass upon his own prejudice without having it reviewed and because on appeal there was no way to get before the higher court a reconsideration of the weight of evidence or a decision upon evidence newly offered that a great many people not in sympathy with the prisoners' social or political views felt that Massachusetts had denied these men justice. The fact that certain questions could be brought only before the Governor helped to intensify the emotions aroused by the case and to remove the consideration of it from the realm of impartial justice. Though the proposals seem obviously just, it required a seven-year murder trial to bring them to the point of practical acceptance.

▶▶*Dispersing Art*

THE TRUSTEES of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City have sold certain surplus paintings. At this sale, eighty-five oils and seventy-five water colors brought in a total of a little over $35,000. Other objects from the Museum sold at the same auction brought the grand total up to over $50,000. The largest price for any painting was $3,500 paid by John Ringling of circus fame for a picture of Diana's Hunting Party on a canvas 32 by 15 feet. Seven dollars and some odd cents per square foot is not much of a price for a picture.

The Museum has been criticized by some who declare that they do things differently if not better abroad. The National Gallery in London uses its surplus paintings for loan exhibitions.

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It is authorized to send pictures not only throughout Great Britain but also to the overseas Dominions of the Crown. It has been pointed out that taste in paintings changes and that pictures that might be regarded as worthless today might regain their original favor at some future time.

We do not believe that the Metropolitan sacrificed much of value at this sale. The Metropolitan, it should be remembered, already sends out loan exhibitions. The chances are that the pictures sold at the present auction, like certain individuals mentioned by Mr. Gilbert, "never will be missed;" but the example of the National Gallery in London might be one to keep in mind whenever museum galleries grow too crowded.

Back Stage in Washington

So far as we can learn, not a single politician has spoken or written to Herbert Hoover on behalf of Dr. Julius Klein as Secretary of Commerce. For that reason as well as others the fate of Mr. Hoover's assistant of many years in that Department interests us quite as much as the 200 other names on the Miami vacationer's Cabinet list, and it may have even more significance than the question of Andrew W. Mellon's retention, Henry L. Stimson's appointment as Secretary of State and the possible elimination of William J. Donovan from the race for the Attorney-Generalship. For we learn that Dr. Klein has become a symbol of hope to the unsung, unhonored, underpaid army that actually mans the ten executive Departments and the many offices independent of the President. The unwritten story of Dr. Klein's candidacy and his uninfluential well-wishers, it seems to us, constitutes the real drama—and more—in the choosing of a new Cabinet.

We do not mean to advocate Dr. Klein; we simply record a fact. Everywhere we go among the Government workshops we find the humble clerks and subordinate officials concerned for the fate of the man who, quite as much as Mr. Hoover, deserves credit for transforming the once obscure Department of Commerce into an invaluable adjunct to American business and commerce in its struggle for foreign trade. We do not pretend to know Mr. Hoover's intentions—nor, we find, does anybody else—but we venture that if Dr. Klein does not get the post, thousands of Government workers will go to work the morning of March 5 with more dejected spirits than they have now. We are also told that the appointment of Dr. Klein would do more to improve the actual machinery of Government than all the speeding-up and reorganization schemes Mr. Hoover is said to have in his mind.

Government executives inform us that one of Mr. Hoover's first tasks must be to bolster the morale of the Government employees, which is said to be at an appallingly low point. For this state of mind Calvin Coolidge, we believe, must bear much of the blame; though not all, since Uncle Sam's treatment of his hired help has been notoriously neglectful for many years. But the President has opposed pension, retirement and regrading bills for six years on the ground that they would have conflicted with his "economy program." Such relief measures as have been enacted over his protest have been emasculated by the Budget Bureau's failure to provide funds, or by adverse decisons of John A. McCarl, the hard-boiled Comptroller General. As a result, scores of scientists, experts and skilled workers are quitting for large salaries and opportunities in private business. The others are "quitting," even though they stay on the job. Officials in touch with these conditions, we are informed, do not attempt to minimize their seriousness over a period of a few years. It is to these groups that the promotion of Dr. Klein would appeal; it would, temporarily at least, reassure them that "there is some justice" and recognition of merit in the government service.

The politicians, however, see no sense in such an argument, and ask us, in solemn tones, what Dr. Klein has ever done for the Grand Old Party! Let him, they suggest, continue to run the Department under a Secretary of Commerce who has won scars and spurs, if nought else, on the political battlefield. The name most frequently mentioned for the place is Walter F. Brown, boss of the G. O. P. machine in Toledo and Assistant Secretary of Commerce since Hoover actively entered the Presidential race one year ago. It was through his assistance that Mr. Hoover carried the Ohio primary, we are reminded, and inasmuch as this was the President-elect's only victory in the preconvention struggle, the debt to the Ohioan is heavy, in the politicians' opinion. And, to be fair to the politically minded boys, so it is.

For many years we have been listening to and for the Supreme Court of the United States to announce on decision days that the opinion was rendered "with Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis dissenting." These two Bostonians—the former a Brahmin, the latter a Jew, the former inspired by indignation at Government oppression, the latter by sympathy for the oppressed—have constituted a liberal minority on our highest tribunal of the law.

Now we hear recurring and distressing reports that they will soon retire—Justice Holmes will be eighty-eight on March 8 and Justice Brandeis is seventy-two—and leave the Court destitute of the leaven of liberalism they have given its thought. There come simultaneous rumors that instead of their refrain of dissent we may hear of a Court in complete agreement through the substitution of the names of "Coolidge and Kellogg" for "Holmes and Brandeis." We cannot believe it, however, and we report the suggestion solely because of its piquancy. We find none of Mr. Coolidge's friends who think him to be a jurist of such stature, and Secretary Kellogg's really great legal ability leans to prosecution rather than the judicial. Nor can we conceive of Mr. Hoover solving the problem of what to do with ex-Presidents and ex-Cabinet members in this fashion. We venture that his solution will be much more novel.

A. F. C.

Kirby in the New York World

That settles it

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Editorial

A New Test of Democracy

WE HAVE COME a long way since the days of Daniel Drew and Jim Fisk. Big Business no longer is openly piratical. What shocks us now and arouses indignation in the conduct of corporate affairs would have passed unnoticed in the nineties, would indeed have been regarded as comparatively virtuous. A case in point is the ethical issue raised in the struggle between John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Colonel Robert W. Stewart.

Since even the first decade of this century we have come a long way. When open alliances between such a gang as the Tweed ring and corporate buccaneers, when wholesale bribery of Legislatures and the ill-disguised buying of judges had been virtually stamped out by vigorous application of the criminal law, there remained unfair practices that were countenanced as legitimate. It required a long struggle before public opinion forced, for example, the outlawry of railway rebates. It had ceased to be considered natural in the course of business enterprise for a man to wreck his own company; but it remained quite in the mode for an executive to do almost anything that might down a competitor, and to let the public be damned. Those were the days when great corporations were in the main owned by the very rich and the very well-to-do and their dependents and heirs. Corporations of great size were tolerated because they were necessary; but they were not expected to show any consideration for each other and only such consideration for the public as the law required of them. Such an issue as has been raised over the conduct of Colonel Robert W. Stewart would have then been almost if not quite inconceivable.

Yet in spite of the great advance in ethical standards of corporate business, we of this generation have no cause for complacency. We are facing some of the old issues in new forms. They have become subtler, harder to understand and for that very reason in a sense more dangerous. They cannot be so easily defined in law, and for that very reason they cannot be settled without making a greater demand than ever upon the common moral sense. Corporate machinery has become so complicated that with skill and astute legal counsel it can be manipulated for private personal gain while it appears to be working for the common good. More than ever before, the interests of the public as well as the owners of corporations depend upon the honesty and personal integrity, even the ethical sensitiveness, of corporation managers and executives. When they fail, no mere legal remedy is available; the only remedy is in the arousal of the conscience of great numbers and the rejection of the unfaithful.

What has brought this about has been the rapid advance of industry toward democracy. Great corporations, instead of being owned by the few, are now owned by the many. And those who own receive the dividends—if there are any. The profits that used to go to the few are now distributed to hundreds of thousands. Theoretically these hundreds of thousands control the corporations they own; as the millions of citizens of this country theoretically control the country's Government. But where dividends go there goes the temptation to balance honesty against dollars. Just as the dishonest politician may succeed in inducing his constituency to condone his dishonesty by providing for the community a public building out of the public treasury, so a dishonest manager may induce his stockholders to condone his dishonesty by promising and providing dividends out of the corporation's surplus. Industry now, like government, is facing the perils and problems of democracy.

Democracy is always on trial. It has been on trial in America for a hundred and fifty years—in politics. It is now on trial in industry.

That is what makes the Stewart-Rockefeller controversy significant. It is a test of corporate democracy. It is putting an ethical issue in industry up—or down—to those who by virtue of their ownership are responsible—the stockholders. Can democracy in industry stand the test?

Read in this issue of the Outlook and Independent the story of what Colonel Stewart did. Do not confuse his action in the Continental deal with his action before the Senate Committee. For his part in the Continental deal no legal charges have been brought against him. In court he has been acquitted of perjury before the Senate Committee. He said he had no "interest" in the fictional Continental Trading Company. Well—he had none legally. He was not a director or officer of it, not even a stockholder. He had had nothing to do with the distribution of the bonds. The only bonds he had anything to do with he did not distribute, but received. He said he did not receive them personally. Perhaps not. And what he received he says he put—at least constructively—in trust and turned them finally over to his own company. Legal? Perhaps. But the whole transaction was furtive and ethically dishonest. No matter what he says, for seven years he signed reports without reference to these transactions. Can thousands of stockholders make the distinction between legal subterfuge and the ethical honesty that modern business demands?

It is almost trite to observe that Big Business is the romance of contemporary America. It is the lure to the adventurous. It is, strange to say, the escape from the humdrum and boredom of standardized amusement. It invites to its hazard and its reward those spirits which in earlier days would have ventured into Araby or sailed their galleons on the Spanish main. Among such is the usual proportion of those who would in earlier days have turned freebooters.

There are men in business today, in Big Business, in big positions in Big Business, whose ethics are as high as those of any professional man. But these men cannot establish the ethical standards of business today. They are no longer masters in their house. They can be displaced or disregarded because the ultimate decision rests with the real owners and controllers of business today—the stockholders. By their silence or apathy or disorganization or direct choice of dollars in preference to honesty and integrity, the stockholders can tell their managers to say it with dividends.

Though the Stewart-Rockefeller controversy is a crucial battle, it is not the last one.

If Rockefeller wins the cynical can say that later, when the issue is not dramatized, it is as likely to go the other way.

If Stewart wins, those who believe in democracy can say that with another day will come another chance.

The Editors

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

FEW PLAYS, after the curtain has fallen, impel the spectator to take from the bookcase the printed volume wherein the drama lies dormant. But both "Hedda Gabler" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" have this power. Which possibly is why both are among the successful revivals of this season.

Genuine pictures of the human soul are not at the mercy of the calendar. And, as people, both Hedda and Cyrano are unforgettable. Ibsen's drama seems a little too perfectly constructed for these rough and ready days; Rostand's play a trifle too heroic, perhaps—the years find such little cracks in them. But otherwise—well, go to the Actors' Theatre or to Hampden's—or failing that, take down the books.

For sheer beauty of words, of truth and of poetic emotion, for satisfying romance even, Cyrano remains hard to beat. As Walter Hampden plays it—and to our notion (except where he falls into the swing of the verse) he does it almost perfectly—all the romantic colors are there. Autumn memories of April, the poet's answer to the groveling meannesses of a servile world—to them all: "No, thank you!"—the immortal cadets of Gascoyne, the romance of purple dusks, the unquenchable spirit of the swordsman whom nature cursed with that nose—that beak of a nose, that terrible nose, that nose no woman could love!

Do you remember glamorous Roxane and poor honest Christian and those love letters? And Christian dying before the Spaniards, plunging a knife forever into Cyrano's hopes—and Cyrano and Roxane sitting in the garden year after year, with the leaves falling, falling?

A strange play. A test, perhaps, of one's ability to be moved by romance, to be caught by Roxane's final despairing cry, "I have loved one man all my life—and lost him twice." A strange play, and yet undeniably a very moving and remarkable one—with its underlying truth about human life shining out from its oddly twisted story of futility and deception and finally self-pity.

Rostand dodged nothing in Cyrano. Cyrano is a poet; and Rostand recites his poetry. Cyrano writes magnificent love letters to Roxane; and Rostand reads them to you from the stage. Roxane is won by words; and Cyrano pours forth those words beneath the balcony into your ears. De Bergerac is the perfect hero, probably, because he has the spirit of the poet and the courage and ability of the swordsman. He is both the dreamer and the doer. Women cannot ask for more—except that nose! Alas, man himself, cursed by his own defects . . .

AND WHAT of Hedda Gabler? Well, one could wish that Ibsen had been not quite so perfect a dramatist; that his plots did not dovetail so smoothly; that his curtain lines did not seem quite so pat. Time has done that to the Norwegian genius. But Hedda herself, Hedda and Tesman, her boring "fancy that" husband, Eilert Lovberg, Judge Brack, Mrs. Elvsted—all these people are as real as the day they first walked on the stage.

And in particular, of course, Hedda. Hedda, eager for life, unable to keep her hands off other people's affairs, unscrupulous, seductive, bored to tears by the fuzzy texture of existence about her, longing for one clear-cut act on somebody's part, even if that act be a suicide—an unforgettable person, of course; appearing to our present generation as the woman who never allows herself to be conquered—meanwhile wrapping her hands around the destinies of every one with whom she comes in contact—twisting this way, pulling that; insensate ego.

Verily, the first sin, according to this play of Ibsen's, is that of influencing other people's lives, whether the assumption be for good or for evil.

It will be a long day before any other character supplants Hedda Gabler as the managing woman.

Some of Ibsen has unmistakably dated since first it thrilled and challenged. The technical machinery which is barely apparent in "Hedda Gabler" definitely creaks in some of the other plays. But mostly, it is the symbolism which dates them—the continual preoccupation of the dramatist with making his plays the vehicles for working out ethical concepts. Of all the plays, one is least conscious of this thesis structure in "Hedda Gabler." Perhaps for that reason it will thrill audiences when some of the others are all but forgotten, excepting for their historical interest.

So far as the players are concerned, we have seen it done better. We could wish Blanche Yurka was not quite so aware that she is acting a classic. But it is competently acted—and Ibsen himself supplies the rest.

Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

Jealousy. MAXINE ELLIOTT. Fay Bainter and John Halliday are the entire cast in this presentation of two sides of the usual triangle.

Wings over Europe. ALVIN. A good old-fashioned melodrama in which a youthful scientist discovers the key to the universe.

Paris. MUSIC BOX. Ordinary farce much enlivened by Irene Bordoni.

Holiday. PLYMOUTH. Sparkling drawing-room comedy about people who have more money than they want.

Gypsy. KLAW. Claiborne Foster in what the program calls a play about a girl with a gypsy heart.

With Music

Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Follow Thru. CHANIN. An attractive lot of youthful entertainers will make you have a grand time along with them; very casually about golf.

Under the Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Hold Everything. BROADHURST. Everybody likes this.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

New Moon. IMPERIAL. Another good costume musical show.

Blackbirds. ELTINGE. If you like colored revues, this is an excellent one.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Doctor's Secret"

MADE from Sir James Barrie's moving drama "Half An Hour," this brief all-talking picture contrives to keep its beholders pretty consistently interested for some sixty minutes.

It represents William C. De Mille's first venture into the sound-proof fastnesses of talkie-land, and, to be blunt, the words "first venture" are writ large across it. Mr. De Mille has fallen into the same error that has beset all the other first-venturers in this new field. He has let his action drag along at the old silent-picture pace. (We'll set this comment to music before long).

Add to this that H. B. Warner is so badly miscast as to be thoroughly unconvincing and you have the two most salient reasons for the failure of "The Doctor's Secret" to elicit any particularly rousing huzzas from this observer. We'll admit that we went to the picture prepared to see something extra good, since we have always had much admiration for the work of William De Mille.

We expected a lot from his cast, too. When one hears that H. B. Warner, Ruth Chatterton and Robert Edeson have been hired to make a talkie, one approaches the fruition of their efforts in an optimistic frame of mind.

Accordingly, our enthusiasm was doubly dampened at finding that these actors played tonelessly and stiffly, as though under a strain. The only really effortless performance in the piece was delivered by John Loder and he, unfortunately, was inaudible a good part of the time.

Of all the directors in Hollywood, none is better equipped to make talking pictures than William C. De Mille. His stage training embraces, we believe, experience as actor, author and director; his movie experience has been involved with the production of some truly good pictures. With these qualifications and a little more practice, Mr. De Mille should stand them up in the aisles.

As it is, "The Doctor's Secret" isn't doing so badly, for so short a feature. Billed at the Paramount Theatre, New York, as the main event, it has achieved the distinction of being held over for a second week. This, we are told, is the first time in the Paramount's history that such a thing has ever been done.

So, it's a question of believing us, or believing the public, and, if you leave the decision to us, we'll say believe the public, and abandon us to our hypertechnical carpings.

"Captain Lash"

ON SHIPBOARD, "Captain" Lash was only a boss stoker, but ashore he was a devil with the women.

When, on one of her runs to the Orient, his ship carried a beautiful female jewel thief, it was small wonder that the "Captain" should have mistaken the lady's intention to make nefarious use of him for a manifestation of that tender feeling he was used to inspiring. Allow us, at this point, to inform you that the part of "Captain" Lash is played by Victor McLaglen, and you will see the possibilities, we're quite sure.

The meeting between the stoker and the lady occurs while she is on a tour of the ship's engine room with a party of passengers. Movielike (if you will), an opportunity arises for the stoker to display a bit of heroism that lands him in the ship's sickbay with a badly burned back. To his bedside comes the adventuress, with daily offerings of fruit and flowers, and so enamored does he grow that he enters, all unsuspecting, into her plot to get the loot she has amassed safely past the authorities.

It all ends with one of those large general fights at which Mr. McLaglen is so good, and with the return of the disillusioned stoker to the arms of a former sweetie, there to find consolation for his profitless venture into what he imagined was high society.

McLaglen is a good actor, full of fun, and with an impressive physique. In this, as in previous (and *very* similar) pictures, he does everything needful to put his characterization across. Clyde Cook, as a lesser stoker who helps conduct his chief's amours, by means of signals on an accordion, is responsible for a number of laughs. In the part of Babe, the abandoned sweetheart who weeps all over the waterfront, Jane Winton does a genuinely amusing bit of work. Claire Windsor, as the seagoing gem collector, is no trouble to look at, none whatever. Particularly do we direct your attention to the scene wherein Miss Windsor is being searched for the missing jewels by the port matron.

While "Captain Lash" isn't recommended for the entire family, we think the more seasoned members will find it sufficiently entertaining. The male members in particular.

Our Own Movie Guide

My Man: A talkie, made more than worth while by FANNIE BRICE.

Revenge: DOLORES DEL RIO making terrible threats and worse faces.

Show People: MARION DAVIES and WILLIAM HAINES in a really good travesty of Hollywood life.

The Barker: The silent sequences are grand, the talking portions not so good.

Napoleon's Barber: A fine performance by OTTO MATTHIESON, marred by poor reproduction.

Interference: Paramount's first all-talkie, very smooth and very polished.

The Woman Disputed: NORMA TALMADGE much less saccharine than usual.

Alias Jimmy Valentine: WILLIAM HAINES in a picture that would have been better if it had kept quiet.

Dry Martini: An excellent comedy directed by HARRY D'ARRAST.

Four Devils: From the megaphone of F. W. MURNAU, master of lights and camera.

The Singing Fool: Forty million dollars' worth of AL JOLSON.

Shopworn Angel: The gifted NANCY CARROLL and the ditto GARY COOPER in an extra good one.

A Woman of Affairs: Once again they have failed to do right by GRETA GARBO.

A Romance of the Underworld: An entertaining and beautifully directed picture. Don't miss it.

In Old Arizona: An all-talkie from the Fox lot. Highly recommended.

The River: Take the word "drivel" and think up your own synonyms.

West of Zanzibar: LON CHANEY in his best picture since "The Unholy Three."

The Roxy

LOVERS of good music, good dancing and clever stagecraft will go a long way before they find these factors more intelligently combined, or more brilliantly presented than at Mr. S. L. Rothafel's Cathedral of the Motion Picture, 50th Street and 7th Avenue, New York City. If there is any one in our audience that hasn't been to the Roxy, we

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Springfield, Missouri

All Things Are Possible

ANONYMOUS

Some, from an excess of religious training in youth, declare a lifelong independence of the church. Here is an opposite instance: A child, having almost no formal instruction, begins at adolescence a search for a faith and a place in which to worship. This is the second of a series on religious experiences. The author is a well-known poet

THERE was no religion at all in my childhood.

After I was in bed one night, my oldest sister came and sat down beside me and tried to teach me the Lord's Prayer. "She ought to know that, anyway!" she said to some one as she came in. It was a long, hard prayer and I didn't understand it. I had only said the "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep" one before that, with the "God blesses" after it. And I kept on saying it afterwards, too. The Lord's Prayer remained a long, hard, strange prayer, something I knew nothing about but something it was shameful I didn't know about.

My sisters were so much older than I —ten and twelve and fifteen years— that they knew about religion and thought it was dreadful that I was taught nothing. But I came just in that large, empty pocket of time in my family when there was no religion. My mother's family were Friends and my mother herself was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, but not actively so. She did not believe in "joining" anything or making open declarations. There was a strange quality of negation about her which seemed like indifference, but I think covered fear or indolence or fatalism. My father came of Scotch Presbyterian people. His paternal grandfather and grandmother, born in Scotland and living in New York City, largely reared him, and every night before he went to bed his grandmother used to take him on her lap and tell him, like a ritual or creed, how dreadful the Roman Catholics were. But when he got older and went to Sunday school, he saw the minister knock a little boy's head against the wall one day because while playing outside the door the little boy had accidentally knocked a little girl's head. "See how *you* like it," the minister said. This made my father very angry. It was the same day they had the Golden Rule for a text. So then my father thought Protestants were as bad as Catholics. That was, I think, the beginning of why "Orthodoxy" was a word of abuse in our house, synonymous with everything hypocritical, black and ignorant.

When I came, my father's disgust at orthodoxy had either grown much stronger, or my mother's apathy greater; or it seemed too late in their lives to try to open up the question again. Anyway, I didn't go to church or Sunday school and I never read the Bible or had it read to me; I knew nothing whatever about religion except a deep, sure feeling about God who would take care of me at night. I believe this was instinctive, but perhaps it came from the "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" prayer and also, later, from the morning song we sang in First Grade,

> Father, I thank Thee for the night
> And for the pleasant morning light. . .

I don't remember when I first heard about Jesus—perhaps when my sister tried to teach me the Lord's Prayer, perhaps in school—but I do remember asking Grandma if Jesus and Santa Claus were the same thing. The devastation I suffered a few years later when I found there was no Santa Claus may have been because I first embodied him with Deity. If he went, God went, and all mystery, all truth. Some children enjoy, though, finding out "the truth," the scientific truth, the facts, about parents filling stockings, before they are told. They like to enlighten other children. They are the ones who would also want the "truth" about God, the facts about Christ. But with other children truth lies in mystery and cannot be scientifically found out. And when mystery is wrenched, their souls are wrenched. I was one of those.

Grandma was a Friend. I always knew that but I never thought of that as a religion. It was simply what Grandma was. It was Grandma herself. I went to Friends Meeting with Grandma a few times in the small suburban city three miles away on a street named originally Peace Street, but changed in my time to a less beautiful name. I was older when I went there, a very young girl. The old, plain building was lovely, and the sweet hush and small-paned windows, the occasional quiet voices of the Friends who spoke, and the unexplained way the men on facing benches knew when it was over and shook hands. It was all very lovely, very old. But it was not mine. It was Grandma's still.

When I was adolescent I began to love Christ, to wish to be a Christian, to rebel against the fact that I was not. I cut out a picture of the boy Christ and pinned it up in the little bedroom. And kneeling there by the bed I looked up at it and prayed to it. I wept and vowed myself to it. That white boy face with black curls around it and uplifted black eyes moved and baffled me. I wanted with all my soul to be a Christian, to belong to Christ. There was a word in my mind which described to me what I felt or what I thought the state was—I have been trying to recapture that word; at first I thought is was *convert* but now I know it was *repent*. I wanted to repent and come to Christ. Those were catchwords I had picked up, but nevertheless they were exact. To repent and come to Christ—that was my wish, my terrible need. The desire was instinctive and deeply rooted—a deep and premature desire, to give myself—*to be received,* to *repent*—which seemed to mean a whole melting of myself, a softening and pouring out, a merging. A longing to be absorbed, taken back before I had gone out. To return to where I had never been before. To repent when there was nothing to repent of. Not to *repent of,* but to *repent*—to worship and be absorbed by what I worshiped. Premature desire, I have said; no, not premature, since it always comes, like sex, in adolescence; but a desire so much stronger than its realization can be, so far from its maturity.

WHEN I WAS fifteen or sixteen my parents began to go to the Unitarian church in the near-by small city and took me with them. That was a religious meeting-ground for them, Unitarians being for my mother next of kin to Hicksite Friends and, for my father, unorthodox. They never joined the church, but my mother came to be actively connected with the church life.

I had outgrown the adolescent rapture and yearning: I remember no feel-

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ing of ardency for Christ in the Unitarian Church at any time. Christ was just a man after all—no longer even the great-eyed boy on the wall, and I no longer the little girl who wept and fed her eyes on his, and whose young, hard soul and body melted stormily in the lovely word *repent*. There was no rapture for me in that church, no wonder, but I did not realize the lack. It was the only church I had known, and I probably thought that was the only kind of church there could be, for me. The only thing about the service which I remember with joy and gratitude was the unfailing benediction; "The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and give you peace."

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN I joined that church. I remember the minister coming to call on me in preparation, to explain what it all meant and exactly what the Unitarian beliefs were. He sat along one side of the parlor table and I along the other, and I was a little embarrassed but really trying to find out. He said that it was a very easy thing to be a Unitarian and believe what they believed. *Anybody* could believe what they believed, for they were simple, natural things, nothing impossible, "supernatural," or unreasonable. I tried to see whether I believed the things he said, and there was nothing I couldn't believe. There seemed to be no reason I shouldn't join. It seemed to be the thing to do. I think I thought I was grown-up and intelligent in doing it. On Easter Sunday I stood up with some others in the front of the church dressed in a long blue cloth suit and a yellowish straw hat with lighter blue wings, narrowly faced with blue velvet ribbon (I loved that hat), and became a member. My family was proud of me. Even my sisters were pleased, though they were not Unitarians, to think that one of us had actually joined something!

But I do not know whether that negative acquiescence of mine would have been enough to make me do it, if it had not happened that the girl who came to high school the fall I was sixteen and immediately became my best friend, was a Unitarian, daughter of a retired Unitarian minister who had just moved there from New England. For us to go to the same church was of course right. And the joy of that first spiritual intimacy with a friend was a miracle in itself; meeting in church to exchange confidences gave the building some of the wonder I might otherwise have realized it lacked. Through the haze of glory in which the outdoor world and the realms of the future appeared to us, through the poems we wrote and those we read and clipped or copied into our bulging scrapbooks, through the beautiful passages from the Bible which she had always known and now showed to me, I got the æsthetic joy, the substance of things hoped for, which might have been a church's gift. I didn't realize then that my religion, my evidence of things not seen, was coming from without and not within the church. We brought it to the church, not the other way around. We stepped into that reasonable church every Sunday morning with our hearts full of miracles!

My friend felt very differently from me about Unitarianism, however. To her it was a burningly positive thing. There was something in her separate from the poetry and glow we had in common—something intellectually belligerent. With her, Unitarianism was a question of revolt, passion and pride. A thing for battle. I remember her horror and unbelief when I told her that my middle sister, who studied singing, was in the choir of a Congregational church! That to her was rank disloyalty, a sinking back into conscienceless mire. Her father had been a Methodist minister and had come into Unitarianism with travail of soul and through social and financial peril. He had ridden for miles on his pony (he was a very little minister, erect and fiery, with snow-white hair) to hold services in churchless places and pioneer for unorthodox beliefs. My friend, his daughter, waved her religion like a flag.

BUT I HAD NEVER been a Methodist and couldn't feel that way: couldn't protest against anything for I had nothing to protest against; though I was soon to protest against being a Unitarian, against the negative when I had never had the positive I wanted. Although for the moment she and I stood at the same point, I was really on my way toward what she had left. If I had started out a Methodist or Baptist I might have protested in the same way into what seemed like freedom, and gone through this same Unitarian stage to get past it into something more essential to me, more absolute. I thank my parents for not "starting" me in the Baptist Sunday school and yet I resent not having had any religion in my childhood. *Resent* is now too strong a word—I have resented it at times: I don't now. But I still feel it as a pitiful lack. If only some one could have told me, without a Baptist Sunday school, about the beauties and mysteries of God and Christ—about the loveliness of loving God Whom we see not, about the awe of each one of us containing God in some sweet, secret way, and being contained by Him. It is, I know, a great and daring enterprise to tell a child of this—I know my parents either didn't think of it or did not dare or were not able. Even my middle sister—the one who told me most about things in general—never let me know. As my mother was afraid later to tell me about sex, so she must have been afraid to tell me about God, especially about Christ. I am sure my mother and father both felt there was something indecent about the word Christ: Father would only call him Jesus. It may have been connected with sex, that other taboo, because of the implication in the phrase most horrible and provocative to my father, the symbol of all orthodoxy—"Immaculate Conception." I wish I could have known about God and Christ and that Immaculate Conception story which is so superlatively beautiful, which is man's uttermost sacrifice and homage. I wish I always could have known about the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and have heard the beauty of the Bible read.

INSTEAD I heard religion spoken of, when at all, as a questionable thing; beautiful words avoided as if they were obscene, profane. My father's Scotch grandmother taught him well the lesson of religious hatred and intolerance. I do not feel bitter about it now, for I know there is in my father a wistfulness about religion. He is disappointed, cheated, shut out. He is naturally a very religious person, as I am; dependent, naturally inclined to faith and wonder. Some way it has gone into distrust and bitterness and he is dissatisfied, wistfully wondering about God and religion, and now especially immortality, as a wondering child wonders about the inside of homes. (He is still a Unitarian, though since my mother died he has seldom gone to church.) That is all that matters about it now—that his intolerance has made a veil between him and what would com-

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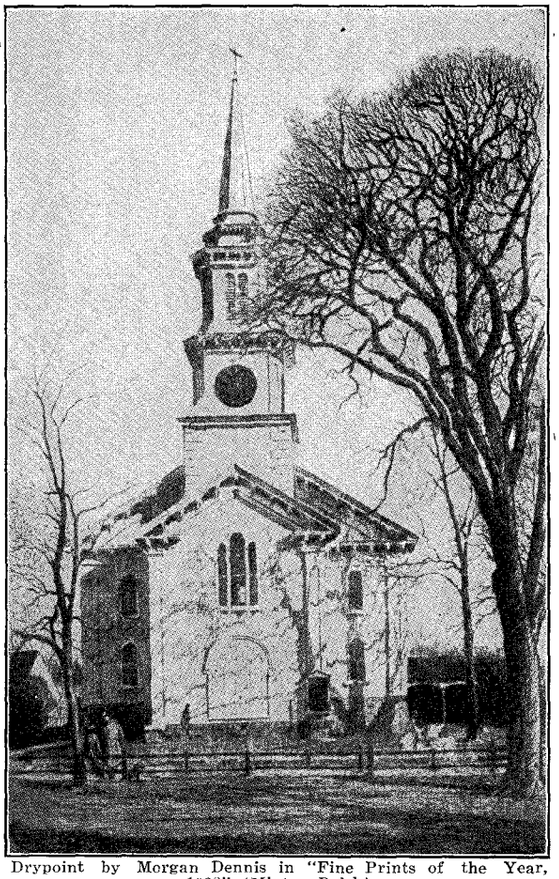
fort him. In his fierceness against narrow-mindedness he has become narrow-minded, too, without imagination for the divine symbolism of the church.

So Unitarianism, while a positive heritage for my friend, was a negative one for me. With her the peak of constructive faith and labor, with me the savorless fruit of destruction. A low valley. The closed-mindedness without imagination, the negation of divinity which I had always heard, was what the Unitarian Church carried on for me, though for any one without my particular background it need not of course be so. I wanted no more negation or protest, no more statements of what was not believed. I wanted the thing itself. Beauty, the miraculous. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost—that was what I wanted, always had wanted thirstingly, though I didn't always know it. The fullness of life and wonder and believing. I didn't want cool intellectual processes, things it was easy to believe, things that took no believing. I had capacity for faith and wanted to use it.

Unitarianism carried on for me that dreadful calm negating which characterized my mother. As she told me there was no pain in childbirth, in having a child. Denying miracles, and love, and pain. Making everything easy, and negative, taking away its meaning, its self. I am sorry now, because I know she was afraid herself, timid about everything, and had been much hurt. She hadn't quite the courage or vitality to realize; she had great pride and reserve, a wish to push things away. And she didn't want to frighten me—she wanted me to think that everything was nothing so it wouldn't frighten me. But that flatness, that negation, is the most frightening thing of all. Take away the symbols, the attendant circumstance and emotion, and you take away the thing itself. No pain, no baby born; no miracle, no Christ. It takes imagination and courage to realize anything—and certainly to realize life, God, birth. My mother never spoke to me in terms of wonder—but always in a way to flatten life, to lessen it. I know now she was sad in many ways.

I wish all mothers would say to children about these things something like this:

"It is the hardest thing in the world to have a baby, but the most wonderful. It is worth any amount of pain. The greatest thing takes the most pain." And about Christ, "Men loved Him so and felt so much the great unexplainable wonder of His life and what He taught about the love of God, the way He showed the love of God to men, that they could speak of Him and explain it all only in symbols, in poetry, in the most beautiful and miraculous things their imagination could make. Perhaps those things really happened, and perhaps it is only the way men have to try to say their feelings, as poets do. But,



Drypoint by Morgan Dennis in "Fine Prints of the Year, 1928" (Minton Balch)

either way, it doesn't matter. All history which lives is partly the poetry of what men felt about it. Christ himself was real, the love of God and what it means to men is true. What Christ did to men, what He made them believe, is the point. The fact that He could make them feel that way is miracle enough. And faith is beautiful and brings men joy."

I believe, too, though this couldn't be said to a child because it wouldn't fit a child's thought, that it doesn't even matter whether Christ lived or not, though I know He did—He might have since men believe He did. I also know that that halo of divinity, that unearthly beauty, which men saw around His brow, some of us see, once or twice in a lifetime, around the head of some one living now. All through the ages some men have stood apart in a beauty which only the miraculous can explain. Christ was one of these; He was, to me and to all Christians, foremost among them. No strangeness, no exceptional wonder, is too great to be set about Him as a cause. And if no factor of strangeness entered into the making of Christliness, then Nature itself is glorified. Unitarians believe, I think, the latter—but for me all wonder was left out of their belief; Nature not so much glorified as Christ brought down to the level of the ordinary man; "just a man," "a good man." In their efforts to do away with superstition and dogma, they do away with the thing itself. "The best man that ever lived." No—it is, I know with all my soul, infinitely more than that. It is of the essence of God.

I have only the friendliest memories of that Unitarian church, the building, the minister, the people. It was a place of pleasant times and sociability, intelligence and kindness. Above all, my mother was happy there. But I didn't stay a Unitarian long; I was never really one.

A short time ago a Unitarian woman said to me, "Why don't you come to our church? You are just the kind of person to be with us." But I am exactly the opposite. She thinks of me as intelligent, liberal, social-minded. She believed that it would change my feeling toward the Episcopal Church which I sometimes attend, when she told me that the rector had refused to recognize the Unitarian minister as a brother-Christian, eligible for some local Ministers' League. But it did not change my feeling at all. I would probably do the same if I were rector. Anyway it couldn't shock me as it did her, for I have always been used to intolerance. And I am more in sympathy with intolerance against negation and limitation than against perfect faith, capacity for wonder. I would rather worship Christ than tolerance.

It was when I was in college that I first had a conscious glimpse of what I was like, whither I tended. In all my spare minutes that first year I read in

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the magazine room of the college library —more magazines than I knew existed. One morning I read an article in "The Atlantic Monthly" about mystics. Then, just before lunch, taking a walk with my same Unitarian friend, I told her about it. We were crossing the little bridge which swerved us from town into country—"That is what I am," I said with perfect assurance: "a mystic." I had never even heard the word before.

IN MORNING CHAPEL and vespers I experienced for the first time the beauty and peace and lifted heart of conventional church ritual, modified though it was for a non-sectarian college congregation. There are no names in this article and so I may not bear testimony here to the college president whose last year was my first one. But it was worth a churchless childhood to hear in his voice for the first time those prayers, passages, and responses—an old but powerful voice, shaken with the purity and fervor of his heart. There was in those readings an augustness and high terror, a quality for which even the word noble is weak. A spirit of living prophecy. A flaming righteousness. The deepest realization and awe of God which men have ever had, was in his voice. He invoked for us—for hundreds and hundreds of girls year after year—the awful and eternal God who was before ever the earth and the world were made, from everlasting to everlasting, and whose mercy endureth forever.

I drank all this in gratefully and with a deep response, but feeling always an outsider, someone who for a little time is permitted into the inner courts. I didn't think it could ever be my own. And so diverse and provocative, and perhaps overstimulating, is college life at first that once in that same year I thought there was no God. Just for a moment, or a few days at most. But what a terrible moment! I was walking up and down on the asphalt in front of my mathematics tutor's house, waiting for another girl to come out. College was all pretty dreadful then and I was tired with "working my way" and with tutoring. And suddenly as I walked up and down, looking at the gray pavement, it came to me that God didn't exist, that it had all been a foolish and childish belief and after all there was nothing. The earth opened through the gray stone and I looked down into an abyss. All was black. For me that moment there was no God.

It didn't last long. For a time I believe I reconciled it by thinking the idea of a "personal God" had gone, and now I had a larger idea. But that was nonsense. God soon became as "personal" to me as ever and will always be so; the idea of God is always personal, or else it isn't quite God but some variation or substitute.

At another time in college, two years later, I tried to be a Christian Scientist but couldn't. I went to one meeting where people testified, but cannot remember it. I bought a "Science and Health" and studied it, but could make nothing of it. It didn't make sense. I worked on that for awhile in the same distracted and set way I worked on the mathematics I couldn't understand; but evidently without the larger vision which would have given both of them a meaning. That is hardly so, though—for, as I understand it, the teachings of "Science and Health" must be taken literally, not imaginatively. I wanted very much to be able to accept the whole thing. I believed instinctively in Christian healing, spiritual omnipotence. But I couldn't believe that matter didn't exist, and that was evidently essential. Here was another negation; I couldn't possibly negate matter and didn't see any reason for any one wishing to. And if there wasn't any matter then there wasn't any victory for the spirit or mind in healing or changing it. I came up against a blank wall and stopped.

THAT EXPERIENCE, leaving a feeling of futility, was resolved soon afterward when I found an organization which recognized both spirit and matter. A school of practical Christianity, based on belief in the power of Christian love. I have always read their magazines, have had personal correspondence with them, and been helped profoundly by them many times. Practical Christianity, ready at any instant to spend itself in spiritual service, is exactly what it is. But Christian healing without medicine is part of the belief and I do not agree with them that medicine should be eliminated. To deny faith cures would be to deny miracles, and I don't, but everybody cannot or does not have that kind of miracle. Medical science is as authentic and valuable as any other, and is a part of practical Christianity. The knowledge of how to fit the cure to the disease is a miracle in itself. Why cannot faith and medicine work together, as the spirit and the body do, both informed by God?

The phases of belief about immortality began to succeed each other in those years, too. First, there was that welling assurance, youth on the up-curve, which was convinced that my own consciousness and self would last forever, and a difficulty in imagining the world going on without my knowing it. Then, second, came an idea that instead of going on as I was, in "personal immortality," I would merge back into some great whole, as my body would merge into the earth which I adored. And then, later, the third phase, a lessening of the necessity to have any sure conception of it; a willingness not to know, which has persisted now a long time. But the mysticism which sometimes comes over me, of being taken up into God even while I am now living, makes it seem more and more possible that it will be like that—a merging back into God, a conscious but peculiarly selfless merging—which would be a combination of those first two conceptions.

IN THE YEARS after college I came close to the Episcopal Church through my natural desire and also because the person to whom I was nearest was an Episcopalian. We were drawn more closely together by that kinship in us, and I was drawn more closely toward the Church. But even then not closely enough to feel any assurance that I could be a recognized part of it. Life was very full and rushed in those years —a river swirling—and I was again swept away from the haven to which I had not come quite close enough.

I was married when I was thirty, and baptized at that time because without baptism I couldn't be married in the Episcopal Church I had chosen. I didn't know it was necessary until we went to make arrangements for the wedding, and when the curate told me, I had to spend the rest of the afternoon finding out whether I could say I believed the things which would qualify me. I had never faced the question before. The curate was a patient and persevering man. It was a cold, dark gray November afternoon and we sat in the little brown vestry office in the gloomy light and on into the electric light, talking.

The conversation brought up the whole question of faith and its various interpretations both within and without the Church. And at last I told him that though I could not say I believed for sure any of those required things,

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

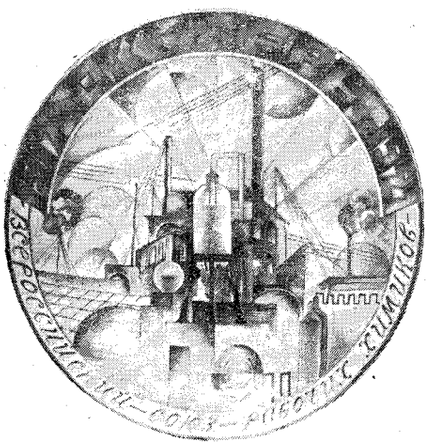
A NUMBER of the readers of this department seem to be under the impression that it is an advertising medium, that the descriptions of the merchandise herein discussed are paid for by the manufacturer or the seller. We thought we had made it quite clear at the beginning that this was not so, but since it is evident that we didn't, we want to state emphatically that not a line of what appears in this department is advertising, either paid or unpaid. "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks" is run in the interest of the reader, not of the merchant. It endeavors merely to give you the news about new merchandise. Thus its value to you is that we say what we think about the things we see in the stores, not what some advertiser dictates. You may not agree with us, but it's our honest and free opinion we're giving you—free in the sense that it's not bound by any consideration of what the manufacturer may think. Therefore, the charge that we were selling our opinions for gold irritated us. We can't help it if we're dumb, but we *can* be honest.

The line between news and advertising is easy to draw. The line between news and publicity is not so definite. It is a problem that has caused endless arguments and not a few fist fights. There's the question of mentioning names—names of products and of stores, in our case. We mention them because we think they're an integral part of the news item. Just as elsewhere in this magazine you will find President Coolidge mentioned by name. No doubt it is giving him a certain amount of publicity. But it would be rather silly to speak of him always as "the President of a certain great Republic."

Yet we have known newspapers who were almost as silly as that. On one page they would speak of a murder committed "in a certain restaurant near the corner of Umptieth Street and Broadway." All wrong, you see, to mention the name of the place. Somebody might think it was publicity. Yet on another page they would be giving several hundred dollars worth of free publicity to Babe Ruth.

Well, we suppose we ought to be pleased even at being misunderstood. It shows that somebody reads us. And we'd rather be read than trusted, any time. Confidence never paid the butcher's bill.

THE SOVIET RUSSIAN Art and Handicraft Exposition claimed our attention the other day, and we're very glad it did, for it is a thoroughly interesting show. For once, pacing the aisles between the exhibits, we did not find ourself every now and then unconsciously standing on one leg or looking around for a chair, a bench, a railing—anything to sit on. For exposition gazing is always a struggle between the eyes and the feet. The eyes are willing, but the feet are practically numb.



A COMMEMORATIVE PLATE
By Kazansky

But there are plenty of stimuli in this show. The art, although it is extremely interesting, is a little outside our province, and we shall say nothing of it beyond the fact that it is as Russian as a samovar and as modern as an airplane. As, of course, is also the handicraft, in which we are sure you will be interested.

The plate shown in the picture is characteristic of much of the china. It celebrates the All Russian Union of Chemical Workers. Most of the subjects in such of the china as is not purely decorative are revolutionary or industrial. The State China Works, formerly the Imperial China Works, has departed entirely from the old traditions, and its products have a freshness and vigor that are entirely Russian, yet owe nothing to the past. We were shown several pieces which were marked with both the double eagle and the hammer and sickle. Begun before the revolution, they were finished under the new régime.

The Palekh painting is also very interesting. For centuries the peasant artists of Palekh, in the province of Nijni Novgorod, have been engaged in the painting of ikons. Since the revolution the demand for ikons has vanished, and these artists have turned to the lacquering of various other articles made of papier mâché. The work is done in brilliant colors on a black background. After each color is laid on it is baked separately in the oven. We saw a number of boxes whose tops were painted in mythological or revolutionary subjects. This miniature painting has little in common with what we usually think of as "peasant art."

Then there were rugs and metal work and embroidery and printed textiles—all worth a good deal more attention than we are going to give them here, since it is not easy to describe them to you. We can only advise you, if you happen to be in New York before the show ends March 1, to be sure to see it. You will find, as we did, a number of things you'll want to buy.

THERE'S a small, round brush for getting into corners. It is made in the form of a cup which fits over the top of an ordinary broom handle.

Also a saucepan strainer, which is a semicircular, perforated disc with clamps which hold it firmly to any size saucepan for either left or right-hand pouring. The vegetables can be thoroughly drained and they won't fall into the sink.

Fiz-ette is a cork for ginger-ale and carbonated-water bottles, the contents of which have been partly used. You clamp it in as a cork, then when you want to pour, you tip the bottle and press the plunger and the liquid comes out still fizzy.

Long-handled coat hangers are useful if you have a closet with a lot of room in the upper part, because you can put another clothes bar above the one you have in now, and can hang clothes on it very easily with these hangers. They are regular hangers with a long rod by which they can be lifted up high.

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Scolding by the Federal Reserve

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

"WE'VE tried everything else. Let's give them a good old-fashioned scolding." This is about what the members of the Federal Reserve Board must have said to each other before issuing the famous statement of February 6, in which they minced no words in asserting that the amount of funds being used for speculation was a menace to business.

"During the last year or more," the Board complained, "the functioning of the Federal Reserve System has encountered interference by reason of the excessive amount of the country's credit absorbed in speculative security loans. . .

"Coming at a time when the country has lost some $500,000,000 of gold, the effect of the great and growing volume of speculative credit has already produced some strain, which has reflected itself in advances of from 1 to 1½ per cent in the cost of credit for commercial uses. The matter is one that concerns every section of the country and every business interest, as an aggravation of these conditions may be expected to have detrimental effects on business and may impair its future."

This was the latest shot in a barrage which the country's central banking authorities have been laying down on the stock market for more than a year. Since the first of 1928 it has been an open secret that the Reserve Board has viewed with uneasiness the growing volume of speculation as indicated by the swelling brokers' loans. The Reserve authorities, as they made plain in their recent statement, have no interest in the price at which securities sell or the casualties among speculators but they do feel it their duty to prevent, if they can, the absorption by speculators of funds that are needed for so-called legitimate business.

In order to squeeze funds out of the market they have raised the discount rates twice and have sold Government securities, thereby restricting the supply of credit and tending to raise its price. Their measures have met with temporary successes but each set-back and each sizeable reduction in the brokerage loan total proved to be only preludes to new advances and new "record highs" for the loan figures.

These rebuffs put the Reserve authorities in rather an unpleasant position. In the first place, the failure of their semipunitive gestures lowered their prestige. Not so long ago, Wall Street took for granted that the Board could squash the stock market whenever it felt so inclined. Today the opinion of the average denizen of the customers' rooms is that the bullish speculative forces and the Reserve authorities have locked horns and that the latter have been defeated. If we have thumbed our noses at the Board before and got away with it, reasons the man who is borrowing money to carry stocks, we can do it again.

In the second place, the Reserve Board finds that it has used up most of its available ammunition. The Board has the authority to raise discount rates again and sell more Government securities. They may, indeed, do just that. For several reasons, however, they hesitate. One of their chief functions is to act as guardians of commerce and industry. By making credit more expensive, they presumably will hamper business all through. To this they are naturally averse. Furthermore, if they boost money rates here gold will be attracted from abroad, from London in particular. Since the Reserve authorities shaped their policy in 1927 to bring about exports of gold, which foreign countries needed and we did not, it is clear that they would not care to see it coming back again.

During January gold was arriving here in large consignments and the British banking officials were frankly worried. Because of the effect on their business they too were loath to raise the discount rate. It was jumped from 5 to 6 per cent nevertheless, on February 7 and gold imports to this country stopped abruptly.

THE COMBINATION of the Federal Reserve scolding and the boosted British bank rate chilled the enthusiasm of Wall Street speculators, and stock prices dipped sharply. They may have gone considerably lower by the time these words appear in print. The alarm was due to the feeling that the raising of the rate in London made a corresponding advance possible here. While the London rate remained where it was it was obvious that New York's rate could not be boosted without attracting a very torrent of gold. Now the danger would not be so great.

Even so, higher discount rates in this country would make the international position about what it was in January when our strenuous bidding for credit brought in gold. This is a condition which the Reserve authorities would not care to see restored. For the time being, then, probably the best they can do is to sit tight and pray that the market will fall of its own weight.

FROM THE MOMENT of its issuance, experts everywhere have been debating its wisdom. As to the general contention that the country would be better off if the stock market were using less money, there is fairly general agreement. Whether or not the Reserve Board should deal out reprimands is another matter. If the latest animadversion brings about real deflation, every one except bullish speculators will be gratified. If not, Federal Reserve prestige will be at a pretty low ebb. The Board issued what amounted to a warning against speculation last June and stocks soon afterwards started on a long climb that did not stop until December. The financing of this advance sucked up a good deal of capital, but commerce and industry nevertheless were able to secure accommodation at rates of 6 per cent or better. On the day after the latest rebuke, the call money rate, which is ordinarily considerably higher than the price of commercial loans, was steady at 6 per cent.

Perhaps the strangest aftermath of the Federal Reserve sermon was the resentment expressed in Congress against interference with "the natural movement of credit." National legislators usually are threatening to take steps to deprive Wall Street of funds but Louis T. McFadden, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency and author of a great deal of banking legislation, rebuked the Board for overstepping its authority. He feels very strongly that the natural forces of supply and demand should be allowed to operate. If the stock market runs wild, he argues, its excesses will bring retribution. At present, he contends, neither the Board nor any one else is in a position to judge whether the market is using more credit than it should.

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Golf Mobilizes a Foreign Legion

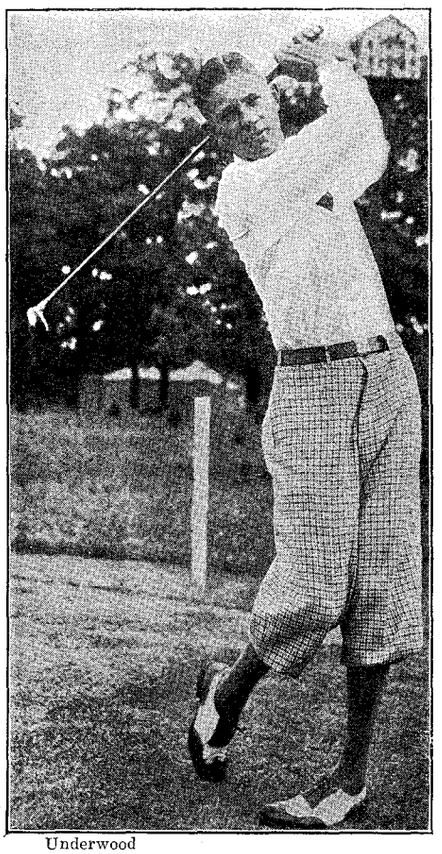
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

WHEN Samuel Ryder, the sportsman who has the great estate not far from the heart of London, and enjoys the private services of Abe Mitchell as golf instructor, undertook to stimulate the professional game in Great Britain he probably did not expect to get his team in for a series of defeats, but as it turned out, the Americans won the first of the formal matches, losing the informal affair held some years ago before Mr. Ryder put up the handsome gold cup that bears his name, and in my judgment have an excellent chance to win again abroad as they did last year at Worcester.

Mr. Ryder owns Heath and Heather, which has to do with seeds, plants, flowers, turf, gardening of all sorts, and his estate at Verulan saw the first attempt at stimulation of the British professional game. At that time, the tournament having been a success and the Britons very enthusiastic, Mr. Ryder advanced the project of the international Gold Cup matches, and the British professionals took it up with American stars who were playing at the time in the British Open. Hence an international tournament that is one of the finest in the sporting world, since it stimulates not only British golf but the play of the home-breds in this country. The British team is made up from the first thirty players to finish in the British Open, and the Americans are selected by a committee of the Professional Golfers' Association in this country and by Walter Hagen, the captain.

Thereby hangs a tale that has puzzled the followers of the game in this country, since the team does not include "Wild Bill" Mehlhorn, who has been cleaning up all comers with great regularity and by remarkable scores in the course of winter tournaments in Texas and at Hot Springs. No matter how wild Bill may be it is evident that he can play championship golf at about any time he cares to. So it is plainly apparent that it is not his golf that is keeping him out of the American expeditionary forces. There are certain things that William can do to reinstate himself in the affections of the P.G.A., but there is doubt in the ranks that he will do them, so he is to be left behind. The only explanation that is made is that he is not wanted, but for the benefit of followers of the game who have been wondering why he was rejected I can say that there seem to be reasons for that decision that satisfy the committee and Captain Hagen, and there is no personal pique behind the move.

But despite the absence of Mehlhorn, America will send a strong team, and one that should rank as at least a slight favorite. It will be led, of course, by the old favorites, tried and true, Walter Hagen, Leo Diegel, Joe Turnesa, Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell, and these will be supported by such more recent favorites as Al Watrous, Horton Smith, Ed Dudley, Al Espinosa and Johnny Golden.



Underwood

HORTON SMITH

Youngster of the Ryder Cup team who is a championship contender at nineteen

Horton Smith, who has been playing top-notch golf in the winter tournaments, is perhaps the most interesting of the newer men. He is a representative of the younger generation, being only nineteen years old. But there is no mistaking the fact that even now he is one of the best of the home-breds. A very attractive player who always carries a big "gallery," he is a long-armed youth to whom the golf swing is natural. He is fundamentally and all the time a swinger rather than a hitter. He has an upright, three-quarter swing that literally sweeps the ball away, a style that is often the despair of those who took up the game when the first blush of youth had departed.

For Leo Diegel the adventure is also a novelty, for so far he has ventured no further out of the country than Canada, where he has something approaching a lien on the championship of the Dominion. In this country Leo has won several important tournaments from time to time, winding up with the P.G.A., which represents the top of his career. A sound golfer, in so many ways, the principal trouble with Leo seems to be that he is wont now and then to string two bad holes together, which is apt also to be fatal to his score. For instance, at Olympia Fields, Leo took fifteen strokes for two holes whose combined par was registered at eight. That is something he will have to watch when he goes to England, especially since he will be playing on a strange course, under strange conditions that are sometimes too much for the very best of them.

Al Espinosa's enthusiasm for the team has had probably almost as much to do with his selection as his wonderful golf of last season. When he was asked to go to Worcester last time Espinosa leaped at the chance. So enthusiastic was he that he paid all his own expenses and in addition canceled a long string of lesson appointments which meant a deal of money. There is little doubt that if this fine sportsman were asked to help America's cause at the South Pole he would come as close to getting there as any one.

Horton Smith comes from California, but for the next youngest member of the team one has to swing back eastward, where Ed Dudley was developed. Dudley is only twenty-seven and is both a brilliant player and a hard worker. He is certain to be a dependable asset to the team. Al Watrous has been very much in the limelight these last few years, and has nothing to fear from

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THE GORGON'S HEAD

A Modern Medusa

(*Continued from Page 289*)

myself in a mirror I seem to discern an immortal spirit caged within the precarious and fast-dissolving mask of flesh which it has fashioned; while in the street just beyond my window, though there is ugliness and disorder, and greed in a thousand shrieking symbols, yet out of this sordid soil, manured by dollars, spring aloft great towers crowned with light, beautiful Valhallas, seeming to have more kinship with the sky than with the earth. Do we not find, almost everywhere we look, ugliness so terrible as to turn the heart in the breast to stone, shot with beauty so sublime as to set all our stoniness throbbing into life? And from this travail of the soul, this alternate freezing and burning, does not some winged thing develop, just as out of Medusa's body, Pegasus is said to have sprung?

Mr. Hansen's "Mask of Dionysos" and his "Icarus," inspired by Leonardo's prophetic phrase, "There shall be wings," exhibit the artist in other aspects. They confirm the impression made by the Medusa, that he is essentially a mystic, but with feet firmly planted in the world of reality, for there is about these things nothing nebulous or uncertain. His sense of touch is supernormally developed by exercise, just as is the painter's eye, or the musician's ear. He has the craftsman's love for his tools and his material. His manner of work reveals the power of his imagination and his mastery of his medium, for after having made a small clay model he destroys it, and attacks the marble directly with a chisel, releasing the imprisoned form, as Michaelangelo is said to have done. By means of some four-dimensional sense of form, he knows the instant he contacts the figure, and to the last fraction of an inch how far and how deep to cut.

A SYMBOL

MASK OF DIONYSOS

Mr. Hansen is an interesting talker, and discourses so eloquently upon the beauty, livingness and luminosity of marble that one begins to wish for a piece of it, just to look at, and to hold in one's hand, and to wonder why women do not adorn their persons with it in preference to diamonds and pearls. He affirms that it is the second oldest material in the world, having formed the first white shell of this egg which we call the earth. Built up slowly from the once living bodies of minute organisms, it has, he says, a vitality all its own, which is wounded or destroyed by bad treatment, or the wrong use of tools, causing it to lose its inner coherence and integrity, and impairing its power to transmit light. These are, for all I know, facts which scientists learn and sculptors discover, but Mr. Hansen talks about it all less in the spirit of an anatomist than of a lover, so that one gains from him the sense of an unsuspected esotericism in the sculptor's art.

All Things Are Possible

(*Continued from Page 304*)

still I believed "all things are possible." And the curate, with relief and a lightened look, seized upon that unsuspecting phrase. "You believe all things are possible," he said. "Then that's all right . . . that's all that's necessary."

I know that I shall never be religiously at peace until I go, like going home, into the Church. I wish increasingly to take Communion, that ultimate symbol; I suffer because I cannot. I want to feel myself a part of that astoundingly real edifice, The Church, material and spiritual, which mystics have built up to testify to the reality of their invisible God. Sometimes in Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches I can hardly bear the majesty and high success with which men have transmuted things not seen into things seen—wherever a man has made a shrine to any God or any Christ it has been so, but for me it is most apparent in those churches. It is extraordinary past the mind's thinking that suddenly from a city street or a mountain road a person can go into a house—and find it is God's house, God's home, the spirit's refuge, that in it the mystery and the wonder and the uplifted heart are gathered, held, transfixed. Man has never made greater art than in giving faith a form.

Sometimes I have felt that to go past the Episcopal Church, straight back into the Roman Catholic, would be even better. That is the Church itself, with no negations, no protests. It is the place of pure mysticism; all the greatest mystics have been Roman Catholics. When I found and read von Hügel, the modern

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Two Members of the Wellesley Family

Wellington, a Character Study. By OLIVER BRETT: Doubleday, Doran.

John Wesley. By ARNOLD LUNN: Lincoln McVeagh: The Dial Press. Both published February 15.

"NO BATTLE will be described in it, no political issue explained," says Mr. Brett in presenting his biography-in-the-modern-manner of the Iron Duke. Nevertheless, the first half of Wellington's career is a chapter of events, offering little room for psychography. Wellington before his triumph was the typical, ambitious, single-minded place-hunter, far more concerned with his own ambition than with the public good. After he became the hero of Waterloo, his position secure upon the top-most heights of fame, he grew in stature and Mr. Brett's biography at that point becomes a significant interpretation of personality rather than a record of events. As deeds grow fewer, characteristics emerge. Wellington, in the company of men far more alert to the changing times and therefore, although more able, more confused, was the stern, unflinching champion of the old order. His Government always knew where to find him. He carried the "gentleman and soldier" into politics, and duty, obedience and faith were his watch-words; realism, common-sense and integrity of purpose, his conspicuous characteristics. He had the personal foibles of the autocrat. He could not get along with men unless they were his inferiors; he had an eye for pretty women.

Biographers of soldiers aiming at intimate portraiture run the risk of defeating their purpose. Soldier heroes live not on the minutiæ of their natures but on the magnitude of their deeds. But Mr. Brett has been remarkably successful. The limitations of Wellington's character, as he discloses them, make him a less legendary figure but no less a great one. Still, it is only in the reflected light of Napoleon that Wellington shines. He is a hero because, by the grace of God and Blücher, he slew a giant.

It is news to this reader that Wesley-John and Wellesley-Arthur were kin. In a paragraph early in his book on John Wesley, Arnold Lunn recounts the offer of an Irish Wesley, wealthy and childless, to adopt Charles, John's brother, and goes on to say that upon Charles's refusal a kinsman of the female line was chosen who became the grandfather of the Duke of Wellington. (The original spelling of the family name was restored by the duke). "Had Charles Wesley accepted his kinsman's offer," says Mr. Lunn, "there might have been no Methodists and there certainly would not have been an Iron Duke." The choice was typical of the Epworth Wesleys. God's work called them far more insistently than man's. John Wesley's indifference both to the honors and to the good opinion of his fellows, indeed, involved him in some of the conspicuous difficulties of his life.

As a matter of fact, everything about John Wesley except a few fine hymns is news to this ignorant reader. But it is not for that reason alone that Arnold Lunn's book has proved so interesting. Perforce a constant reader, but by no means a consistent admirer of current literature, we are reassured and made happy by a book so ably written, so unaffected by present styles as this one. Mr. Lunn, as Dr. Cadman says in his foreword to "John Wesley," is "committed to the methods of realistic biography." Fortunately, he is also committed to the ideals of sound writing. He shapes his material to a worthy design, and does not drop it into his mind, shake it up with a few topical adjectives and spill it out upon the pages of his book, trusting to luck that seven and eleven may turn up.

At least three books about John Wesley have passed through our hands, without our having had the opportunity of reviewing them, in the last few months: "John Wesley" by Lipsky (Simon and Schuster), "God's Horseman" by Lee (Century) and "John Wesley" by Collier (Abingdon). It seems likely that thoughtful men, noting the tendency to regard Methodism in this country as an obstructionist force, have felt the need of rediscovering for their fellows the source from which the great river rose. The river, like all rivers, has gathered with its gathering impetus, flotsam, contamination, the waters of little, less limpid streams. But the source was pure. Wesley, says Lunn, "was a true child of his century, a century which expected Christianity to prove its case at the Bar of Reason." He intended to found an order within a church, not a new church, and the stringency of the rule which he imposed, compatible with that intention, is no doubt responsible for some subsequent confusion. Arnold

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. Peder and his indomitable mother, Beret; the conflict of American ideas and Norwegian culture in Dakota in an excellent novel.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset: Harper. A continuation of the story of guilt and expiation begun in "The Axe." The deep love of Olav and the hapless Igunn moves toward its tragic end through dramatic events, and against a magnificently complete setting of medieval Norway.

Non-Fiction

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. A vivid account of the voodooism, black magic and odd mixed society of Haiti. Reviewed January 9.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Vincent Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic contains some of our finest contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stages of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

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Lunn has studied to fix Wesley's place in his time, rather than the place of the church which grew out of his teachings in ours. And the conclusion that one reaches, with him, is that Methodism did more than anything else to prepare England to weather, unscathed, the revolutionary storm which broke on the world in 1791.

Upon the debatable incidents of Wesley's life, notably his "conversion" and the scandals which arose from his lack of concern for his reputation, Arnold Lunn is illuminating. His book is enriched with excerpts from letters and from Wesley's journals. This book about "the little man in gown and bands" who took "the world by storm and changed the hearts of men" seems to us a valuable addition to the literature of non-partisan biography.

Words and Music

Prima Donna. By PITTS SANBORN: Longmans, Green. Published February 15.

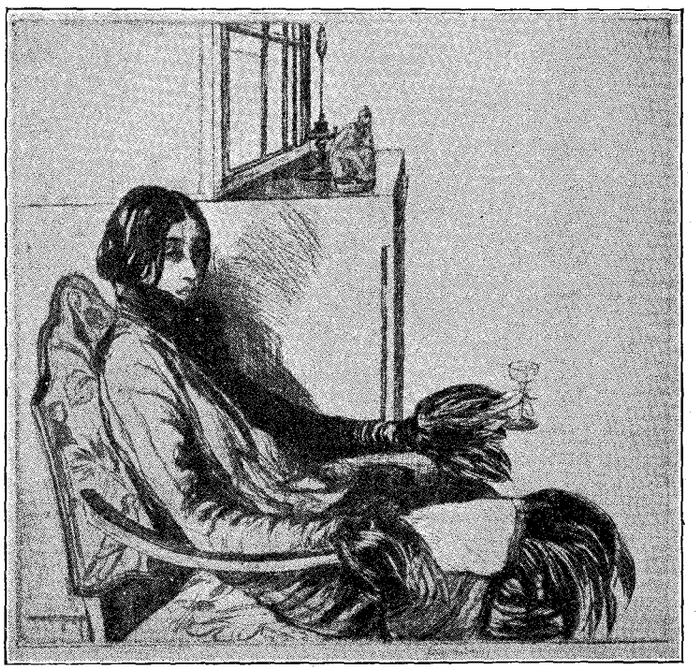
THE LIFE of a great singer is long and full. Pitts Sanborn has taken two volumes and not a word too much to tell the story of Helma Seymour. Even Willa Cather, not given to long books, wrote her longest in "The Song of the Lark," another story of an American singer. Out of scores of novels read in the line of duty "Prima Donna" stands as one of the very few which this reader, having begun it of necessity, finished for pleasure. And that not only because of its absorbing interest, both as to incident and characterization, but also because it is long enough and solid enough to offer to the reader's mind a substantial resting place. We read for escape, whether we read fiction, poetry, biography or what not. Most books are overnight, or at best week-end trips. But "Prima Donna" is, in the language of our hotel advertisers, "a home away from home."

We hear much of the blood and tears upon which the brilliant surface of the artist's achievement is built. But the rewards of a singer's career are considerable. There can be few experiences so immediately heartening as that of re-interpreting almost to the point of re-creating a noble rôle; and receiving therefor the applause of a huge audience. In "Prima Donna" both tears and happy tumult receive their due attention. The cracking of Pagliacci's heart does not deafen us to his song. So many of these hearts that break about us in our melancholy little books have been worn on sleeves. Helma Seymour's was not. It was tender but not faint, high but not proud.

Except for its comparative freedom from the petty jealousy and intrigue which we associate with the lives of interpretive artists, Helma Seymour's life was typical. She was greatly gifted, intelligent, courageous, faithful to her destiny and not too detached for triumph. Her personality was forceful even in youth. Her artistic inheritance is admirably suggested by the picture of her father as a man too indifferent to develop his talents, possessed of the artist's philosophy. His influence is the first to play upon Helma's development. Thereafter there are many other men. With few exceptions, the woman's life which a man has never touched is a shapeless mass. Helma Seymour's towering career was built, stone by stone, by the hands of men. Gaines, the sensitive boy, educated abroad and out of place among the hobbledehoys of the college town where the Seymours lived, gives Helma her first contact with a genuine culture. Spini, the local singing teacher, discovers her voice and gives her a priceless foundation of bel-canto. In New York, Dubosq, the French maestro, prepares her for a life of work and inspires her with the ideals of classic singing, and Gonsalvo, the young Spaniard, schools her in passion and betrayal. In France, with young Raymond she experiences the happiness of care-free youth, the ineffable delights of her only spring. From John O'Brien, the tenor, she learns the joys of companionship in labor. Victor Ravet is for years her teacher, lover, comrade and prop. With him she becomes the great singer. After Victor's death and a few years alone she marries Guy. He refuses her the children that she wants, but gives her a certain experience of family life, before refreshing, most violently, her memory of betrayal. Then there is a gathering together of all threads for the end of the book. Helma is left at the full flowering of her career, with at once the profound loneliness of the childless woman and the artist's sense of participation in life.

"Prima Donna" is a story told in complete detail. Helma Seymour's life becomes as familiar and as important as one's own. The atmosphere of places is so pervading as to be disturbing—for instance, to lovers of France. Intense drama is achieved with as little effort as it is in life. The day of Helma's début at Tours, Ravet's death, the visit to Guy's secret home, the performance of Norma at the Metropolitan Opera House (a Metropolitan as it used to be, before Detroit took over the Golden Horseshoe, Palestine, the mise en scene, and Hollywood, the cast), these are scenes experienced rather than read about. But for all its definiteness in time and space, "Prima Donna" has a quality of timelessness. Every great singer's life is like this, has been, and will be.

Pitts Sanborn has been a musical critic and a poet. With "Prima Donna" he becomes a novelist, a real novelist,



HÉBÉ

Drypoint by Ethel Gabain, reproduced in "Fine Prints of the Year, 1928" (Minton, Balch & Company)

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even if he never writes again. To use phrases which would be familiar to his heroine, he has neither the faulty breath-control of the usual poet-novelist, nor the imperfect pitch of the critic turned to fiction. And he has been trained in the classics, the "Lyra Operatica" of literature.

A Story-Teller's Letters

The Letters of Katharine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. 2 vols.: Alfred A. Knopf. Published February 15.

The publication of Katharine Mansfield's letters, following upon that of her journal, will deservedly add to her reputation as the publication of two more volumes of her stories could scarcely have done; for they show her to have been as remarkable in character as she was in talent. And henceforth all doubts will have been set at rest as to the propriety of her husband's "pushing" her reputation as well as the supposition, held in some quarters, that he has fabricated for her a reputation she did not deserve. For there can be no question as to the distinction of the personality these letters reveal to us. Mr. Murry's aim, he says, has been to present as fully as possible all those of her letters that seemed to him to present intrinsic interest, and secondly to retain such portions of other letters as would explain the various situations of her life. Together with the Journal, they thus truly form an intimate and complete autobiography of the last ten years of her life.

They are extraordinary letters, among the best that have appeared in recent years, and they reveal the writer as an aristocrat in feeling and thought, alive as few contemporary writers have been, however remote herself from other writers, shunning the literary world indeed with an instinctive antipathy, for Katharine Mansfield had little sympathy with the trend of modern literature. "As I see it," she says, "the whole stream of English literature is trickling out in little innumerable marsh trickles. There is no gathering together, no force, no impetus, absolutely no passion! Why this is I don't know. But one feels a deathly cautiousness in every one—a determination not to be "caught out." Again: "I confess present-day literature simply nauseates me, excepting always Hardy and the other few whose names I can't remember. But the general trend of it seems to me quite without any value whatever." Her own line was absolutely original and distinctive, and with her natural fastidiousness she remained aloof from literary circles, as indeed for the most part she lived far from England, shunning cities, except for medical treatment, shunning people, except her few closest friends, living, as often as possible, with her husband, in a world of her own fancy, in Switzerland and the south of France.

Her faith in art, her sincerity and devotion, were in every way exceptional, and these qualities too her letters reveal. "How *pure* artists are—how clean and faithful," she writes to Mr. Middleton Murry. "Think of Tchekov and even J's talk and Anne's laughter, generous way—so remote from all this corruption. Let us remain chaste and youthful with our work and our life and our poetry. Even —— won't do, you know. One can't afford to mix with people. One must keep clear of all the worldly world. And we can do it. I feel our happiness will simply be without end when we are together again."

Her feeling for life is always intense. "I must confess," she says, apropos of Renoir, "it is the spirit which fascinates me in flesh. That does for me as far as modern painters are concerned, I suppose. But I do feel bored to my last groan by all these pattern-mongers. Oh, how weary it is!" Again: "The more I know of life the more I realize it is profoundly influenced by certain laws, no matter how many people ignore them. If we obey them our work goes well; we get our desire. It's like studying the tides before we put out to sea in our fishing boat. We are the sailors, bending over a great map. We ought to choose the weather for our journey." And always she insists upon the passionate need of honesty: "I fail because I don't face things. I feel almost that I have been ill so long for that reason: we fear for that reason: I mean fear can get through our defences for that reason. We've got to stand by our opinions and risk falling by them." These are only a few aspects of a character as vivid, as varied, as solid and as generally significant as contemporary literature has produced, a story-writer with a genuine philosophy of life which she was able to express as adequately in her journal and her letters as in her fiction.

Van Wyck Brooks.

Forthcoming Books

Rome Haul. By Walter D. Edmonds: Little, Brown. Feb. 16.

Desert Road to Turkestan. By Owen Lattimore: Little, Brown. Feb. 16.

On Mediterranean Shores. By Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. Feb. 16.

Stone Blunt Scissors. By Gerard Fairlie: Little, Brown. Feb. 16.

Patrick Henry. By George Morgan: Little, Brown. Feb. 16.

The Brownings. By David Loth: Brentano. Feb. 18.

The True Heart. By Sylvia Townsend Warner: Viking Press. Feb. 18.

Five Women on a Galley. By Suzanne Normand: Vanguard Press. Feb. 21.

Our Knowledge of the External World. By Bertrand Russell: Norton. Feb. 21.

These War Women. Anonymous: Coward-McCann. Feb. 21.

Plain People. By Ed Howe: Dodd, Mead. Feb. 23.

Wild Goose Chase. By Fanny Heaslip Lea: Dodd, Mead. Feb. 23.

The Week's Reading

Sartoris. By William Faulkner. Harcourt, Brace.

Having successfully proven in the last ten years the futility of accurately depicting life in the trenches, the novelists have now turned their attention to after-effects of the war. In Bayard Sartoris, the chief character of his book, Mr. Faulkner combines the unnerved restlessness of an ex-aviator with the headstrong intolerance of a family temperament. Perhaps one such characterizing feature would have been sufficient.

Principally, it is a story of woman's adjustment to man's point of view. Except for Miss Jenny, who somehow manages to indulge the Sartoris's mood for three generations, all the attempts at adjustment end tragically. And although the personalities of each of the men are strong in their different ways, the reader's sympathy remains with the women in almost every situation. At first glance it seems that the author understands the other sex better than his

(Please Turn to Page 314)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

ALTHOUGH his name is still omitted from several of the standard manuals of French literature, Charles Baudelaire is a figure of such importance that the list of critical and biographical works concerning him will take up considerable shelf-room in any well-regulated French library. Despite the fact that a knowledge of Baudelaire's life and work is essential to any proper understanding of the development of French literature during the last half century, François Porché's "La Vie Douleureuse de Charles Baudelaire" is the first life of this author to appear in English. In the excellent English translation of John Mavin it is entitled simply "Charles Baudelaire" (Liveright), but the jacket more cunningly offers "Baudelaire: Flower of Evil."

The jacket, I suppose, concisely sums up whatever the average respectable Anglo-Saxon reader is expected to know of the troubled genius of the author of "The Flowers of Evil." It is, naturally, the conception of Baudelaire which Arthur Symons upholds in his book on the subject, and one which most English-speaking critics have defended or deplored, according to their prejudices and the conventions of the period in which they wrote. In France, while that was true to some extent in conservative circles at the beginning, in recent years an increasing number of commentators have attempted to see beyond the surface of Satanism, to reach the real personality of the man and the poet. M. Porché's book, which is addressed to the general reader, admirably embodies all the relevant facts of Baudelaire's life and presents what may be described as a modern portrait of that much discussed author.

Like Maupassant, Baudelaire contracted in his early youth a disease which eventually culminated in general paralysis, a factor of vital importance in both their lives. Like Maupassant again, Baudelaire was devoted to his mother, but, whereas the former was happy in that relationship, the latter was bitterly disappointed. Baudelaire's mother married a second time, thereby depriving him, at a critical stage of his adolescence, of the illusion of his importance to her as a loving son and protector, and likewise of her own undivided attention and affection. By way of protest against what he regarded as a sacrilegious betrayal, Baudelaire clung to his half-caste mistress, Jeanne Duval, a stupid slattern, as far removed as possible from the type of woman who might have made him happy. M. Porché sees in this twofold frustration of Baudelaire's emotional life the key to his catastrophic existence. How completely it affected him the reader himself may judge.

He tried, in effect, to work himself up into a romantic and pure passion for Madame Sabatier, an attractive and celebrated bohemian of the period, who had gathered around her most of the poets and artists of his acquaintanceship. Baudelaire wooed her anonymously, but she discovered his identity and promptly surrendered. Baudelaire, however, could not translate his poetry into reality, and the affair ended ignominiously. Jeanne Duval and her like were alone able to overcome his mother complex. Even then, M. Porché assures us, the scents and jewelry which Jeanne wore are those which constantly recur in his poems, and they revived his memory of his mother coming to say good-night to him. Doubtless her color also reminded him of his visit to Calcutta and, more especially, to Mauritius, where he acquired his most exotic tastes.

M. Porche traces in a vivid narrative the stages of Baudelaire's career, from his strange childhood passed in literal adoration of his mother to the tragic months of aphasia, after his stroke at Namur, when, as M. Porché puts it, he was only legally alive. His end was very similar to Maupassant's, save for the important fact that the author of "Boule de Suif" was a celebrated, commercially successful and popular figure when he was struck down. Baudelaire was unknown, detested, a pariah to most editors and publishers. His friend Poulet-Malassis, who alone had the courage to publish "Les Fleurs du Mal," went bankrupt, and it was doubtful if the works of Baudelaire which he had issued, in addition to that work, were worth five thousand francs. Those interested in the ironies of literary life may note that the important firm which refused to publish Baudelaire subsequently issued his complete works and made a fine profit thereon until "The Flowers of Evil" went out of copyright a few years ago.

In the light of recent biographies of Edgar Allan Poe, it now becomes easier to understand the extraordinary en-

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thusiasm with which Baudelaire greeted the American writer as a brother, and why he set himself so devotedly to translate him. It is commonly assumed that Baudelaire was the first person to translate Poe into French and to draw the attention of French readers to him. That is not the case. Translations of Poe and at least one article about him had appeared in Paris before Baudelaire discovered him, but the two names have been inseparably linked ever since. Despite the differences in their respective situations, it is curious to note certain parallels in the emotional development of Poe and Baudelaire which the latter could not have known, but which gave to the work of both something of its peculiar quality. Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's life of Poe insists upon at least one aspect of Poe's pathology which bears a remarkable resemblance to Baudelaire's, his flight from the love of an adult woman of his own class, his idealization of the mother and son relationship.

M. Porché's is not, of course, a critical biography, in the sense that he does not formally estimate Baudelaire's work. By implication, however, he shows in what circumstances and to what extent Baudelaire, as a pioneer, suffered the fate of that unfortunate race of men. He was the first person in France to see Wagner in his true perspective, and his art criticism was far in advance of his time; he had an unerring instinct for what was first-rate and original; he was completely fearless. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that the year in which his first book was published was celebrated by an attempt at suicide by the budding author. Like most pioneers, Baudelaire was troubled by frequent misgivings. Finding his own instinct leading him more and more into enthusiasms where he stood alone or with but a few scattered spirits, it is little wonder that his misgivings gave way to discouragement. Had he taken courage of his own prophetic instinct, he might better have borne the lonely station to which it so often chained him.

Brunetière called him "Satan in furnished rooms" and "Beelzebub at the boarding-house dinner table," but criticism today sees more in him than that. Although far from being the impeccable poet he aspired to be, his influence on the Parnassians and Symbolists was enormous. He anticipated the main currents of modern French poetry. When he died neither the Society of Authors nor the French Government was represented at the funeral, I need hardly add.

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WITH THESE WORDS one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time passed from mortal existence—Beethoven.

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Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

Melville Davisson Post's The Bradmoor Murder Sears

Short stories in which figure Sir Henry Marquis, chief of the C.I.D., and Sir Godfrey Simon, the famous alienist. Mr. Post manages to do a good deal with a very slight plot, and all these stories are written to a definite pattern. It seems a pity that the blurbist found it necessary to compare Mr. Post with Poe. Both names, it is true, begin with P, but beyond that we see no relationship. And Mr. Post has a very definite facility of his own in building up an atmosphere about a situation. The title story and "The Phantom Woman" seem to us the best in this volume.

R. A. J. Walling's Murder at the Keyhole Morrow

Eight men in a room, and one of them is shot and killed, and none of the others know how it was done. Neither a gun nor a motive is found. And then every one in the book starts either to cover up things or to find out things, and in spite of these complications a very readable yarn ensues. And there's a rather acceptable girl who doesn't allow love making to interfere with the course of events. This one passes with honors.

E. G. Boulenger's Animal Mysteries Macaulay

A great deal of curious information about beasts and birds and reptiles, entertainingly presented by the director of the London Zoo. We learned with amazement of such creatures as the small lizard "which confounds its tormentors by squirting fine jets of blood at them with tremendous force from the corner of the eyes;" the small and clever fly which "when overcome by the desire for travel just climbs aboard a big night-flying beetle;" the climbing fish; the bombardier beetle, and others. And there's the diving cat who caught fish for his master, and the fighting fish of Siam who supply sport for the natives. The writer has a sense of humor as well as knowledge, which doesn't make the book any less pleasant.

E. Douglas Branch's The Hunting of the Buffalo Appleton

"There must once," says the author, "have been thirty million buffaloes roaming a vast range of American prairies and forests; when Grover Cleveland was moving into the White House a second time, there were about a thousand and ninety, and nearly all of these were in far northern fastnesses, or in captivity. The thirty million had been hunted down—hunted, shot, pierced, impounded, tricked, for the fun of it, for the money in it, for the necessity of it. It was an awful, epic hunt . . . " And here is the story of that hunt, told interestingly and completely. It is a chapter in the history of the West which is usually given less emphasis than it deserves, a picturesque and a significant chapter, and we are glad to see it told so fully.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 311*)

own; the opposite is the truth. Or it may be that Mr. Faulkner chose deliberately to overlook certain aspects of human relations. At least he recognizes a most fundamental principle in good novel writing: he does draw sympathetic characters.

To off-set the essential tragedy of "Sartoris," there is a pleasantly romantic atmosphere of Southern moonlight evenings, mocking birds and magnolia trees; also, there is occasional humor, generally well done as in the paragraph devoted to a famous contemporary work of art, which pictures an "Indian maiden in immaculate buckskin and a moonlit pool of Italian marble." In fact, the novel is quite a good piece of workmanship, well organized and well told. One might feel that some intangible quality of excellence had been sacrificed for too big a canvas or that the story of Mr. Snopes's love letters was a trifle superfluous—but then, one might react most any way to a modern novel.

J. Dana Tasker.

John Wilkes Booth. By Francis Wilson: Houghton, Mifflin. Published February 15.

"Fact and fiction of Lincoln's assassination," as an old actor sees it, through the rosy mist of years. Whether the reader sees it the same way or not is a moot question. Mr. Wilson's friendship for the Booth family has given him access to intimate details, personal letters, extracts from Booth's diary, and excellent photographs. His reason for writing the book is to discredit a book written by one Bates, "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth." Mr. Wilson is indignant at the suggestion that Booth did not pay for his crime. But the justification for the book lies in the picture of the assassin which, contrary to intention, Mr. Wilson gives.

(*Continued on Opposite Page*)

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Golf Mobilizes a Foreign Legion

(Continued from Page 307)

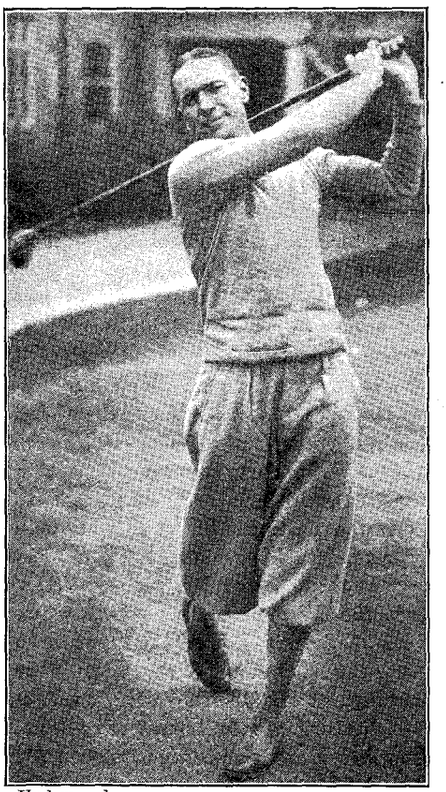
strange climate and conditions, for they failed to prevent his finishing second in the British Open at St. Ann's. He was followed over that famous course by one of the largest galleries ever, for not alone was his play of the super-excellent variety, but he was also personally very popular. He will be warmly welcomed by his British friends. To return to Dudley for a moment. The best round he ever put in was a record 68 at Olympia, where he went around alone with a marker. That is the sort of golf that will serve him well if he can match it another time, and the American team feels that it is in him to do it.

John Golden is a New Jersey product, who is peculiar for the fact that his play never seems to attract the attention it deserves. He very seldom attracts much of a following, for he is non-spectacular, although it would be too much to say that he is just a plugger. He is far more than that, a sound, steady golfer, who is a real problem to beat in match play especially.

Our own rather "snooty" but always effective Walter Hagen one may expect to do his share both in his own play and his leadership. He is not merely a champion golfer, but a fighting contestant all the time, who is not happy when the task is easy. Walter is apt to play below his real ability when he has a small gallery. He is one of the few men who has been able really to dramatize the game, and there is nothing so far this year that would indicate that he had fallen below his standard. His heart is set on winning the Ryder Cup match again, and when Hagen sets his heart on anything he is quite apt to get it. One thing at least is certain: he knows English courses, and his play in previous tournaments abroad has given plenty of indication that the English climate has nothing on him. With that self-confidence which is little short of famous behind him he is certain to turn in some cards which will have much to do with deciding the match.

Joe Turnesa has his good days and his bad days. One of his best was at Scioto some years ago, when he was within a breath of the Open Championship that Bobby Jones snatched from him with his wonderful iron shot to the last green. Without that great shot Joe would have had the championship, with all that it means in the way of emolument.

Gene Sarazen seems to be having one of his good winters. He went downhill for a time, but the man was too fundamentally sound a player ever to go into a permanent slump. Johnny Farrell, who wears championship honors with ease and grace, is one of the most delightful personalities in the game, and his golf is quite as worth while as his personality. So here seems



Underwood

LEO DIEGEL

He will make his first appearance abroad with the Ryder Cup team

to be a team thoroughly worthy to represent the United States in any company. There is steadiness enough along the line to make a few victories practically certain, and enough brilliancy to hold out the promise of at least a few remarkable scores. In the meantime, the honors for the winter go to Mehlhorn, and with those he should be pretty well satisfied, even though he will not go to England with the Ryder Cup team.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 314)

Booth was a pitiful, vainglorious fool for whom the stage became too small a field in the turbulent days of Civil War. Mr. Wilson tries to excuse Booth on the grounds of insanity: quite in the modern way. The heart of the book is in the chapter on the assassination, which is vividly dramatic, and where the author has made good use of his knowledge of

(Please Turn to Page 317)

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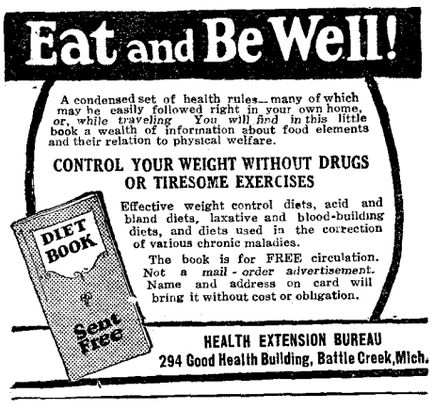
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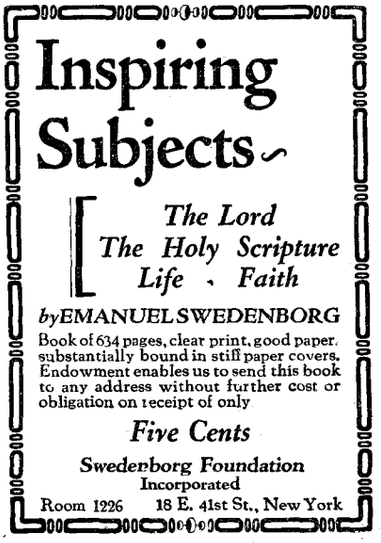
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Colonel Stewart

(Continued from Page 286)

ployees. They admit that when he told them he was paying $1.75 for oil and that the Continental had paid only $1.50 for it, they did not question him about it. All through the Senate probing when suspicions were brewing thickly around the Colonel's share in that shady scheme, they asked no questions. This was probably true. One can hardly imagine any of those directors daring to question the massive Colonel.

In those South Dakota days he was a strong man before a jury. He was a terror to reluctant witnesses. He was an able lawyer. Clients came to him in numbers. The Standard of Indiana had a law suit in South Dakota. At every step it had been bowled over badly. Some one suggested that the Standard needed another lawyer and pointed to "that young fellow Stewart over in Pierre." Stewart took the case and won it. A little later he got a call to the law department of the Standard in Chicago. This was in 1907. In 1915 he was made general counsel. Ever since the dissolution decree separating the old Standard Oil Company into thirty-three independent units the Standard of Indiana had been wandering in the wilderness looking for a boss. That was a made-to-order situation for Stewart. There is nothing he does easier than bossing. And so in three years after he was named general counsel he was made chairman of the board.

He has done well at the job. He is a smart business man. Indeed he is very smart. The public hardly realizes the extent to which all the Standard Oil Companies have been slowly drifting away from any central domination in the last ten years. The Rockefellers own but a small fraction of the stock in any of the companies now. In the Standard of Indiana young John D. has less than five per cent. Old John D. has none. Combining all the holdings of the Rockefeller foundations and boards and his own, Rockefeller, Jr. controls around fifteen per cent. This is more or less true of all the Standard Companies. Between these companies competition is growing keener all the time.

It is easy to see how Stewart has made use of this opportunity. His policy has been toward the establishment of an oligarchy which he would control. The number of stockholders has grown to 58,000. "I want to see it 100,000," says Stewart. Business executives have learned the interesting lesson that in a corporation whose stock is widely scattered they can hold their control practically unchallenged. It gives them almost irresponsible power.

This calls up the most serious aspect in this new kind of fight—the first one I recall in which stockholders have sought to oust a successful management on moral grounds. Recently Mr. Owen D. Young preached a sermon from a pulpit in which he apostrophized modern big business for its purity.

It is true, of course, that big business has not the kind of sins that disfigured little business. But it has its own kind of sins. All the mean, unlovely offenses of the little business man—his price jockeying, his indifference to quality, his hatred of competitors, his haggling and skinning—from these, to be sure, big business has separated itself. But it has developed forms of wickedness proper to its own peculiar character. Big business is no longer private business. Industries are no longer privately owned as many suppose. They are publicly owned—not indeed by the Government or the community, but by large constituencies known as stockholders. Directors are like public officials. Cleveland said public office is a public trust. Today corporate office is equally a public trust. But it is often an irresponsible trust. These stockholder constituencies scattered over the face of the continent are incapable of unified action. Directors can laugh at stockholders. And in many cases they do.

American business is still cursed today by the feeling among a certain type of corporate director that he has a right to exploit his corporation. The director of a railroad should be primarily concerned with the welfare of that road. But you are apt to find he is more directly concerned with selling coal to his road. Naturally this is not true of all corporate directors; but it is true of so many that it helps to explain the sluggishness of the reaction to the oil scandals. The day after Stewart defied the Senate he declared he had received hundreds of congratulations from big business men. For six years the oil scandal dragged and big business never opened its lips to denounce the infamies. If it did speak it was to grumble at the prying and snooping of the Senatorial investigators. Thanks to the initiative of a few men it is aroused now. It feels itself on trial. But what will happen if the 58,000 stockholders of the Standard approve Stewart's actions?

And this is not impossible either. For the prosperity of the Indiana company is a matter of record. It has grown in a brief space "from a $175,000,000 company to a $900,000,000 corporation," to use Colonel Stewart's own

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boast. While it did not make enough to pay its regular dividend in 1927, it prospered amazingly in 1928, so that Colonel Stewart and his directors were able as a kind of last minute, desperate, pre-election offer to the stockholders, to declare a dividend of over $116,000,000. He is accused of engaging in a transaction and a course of conduct which brought his company and his industry under a cloud of disgrace. His answer is, "I made money for the stockholders," and then with a grand gesture he flung to them another $116,000,000. To the stockholders advancing on him for an accounting he throws instead still more dollars.

If, then, these 58,000 stockholders decide in favor of Colonel Stewart, they will say to the world very plainly that the only thing that counts is dollars. I believe, however, that as the Nation's business is increasingly controlled by large corporations which in turn are owned by the public, it is essential that the stockholders in these companies have absolute faith in the integrity of their officers and directors if the structure of our civilization is to endure.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 315*)

histrionics. A charming quality of the book is Mr. Wilson's reiterated regret for all that happens, and his conjectures as to what might have been—quite in the manner of a grandfather telling about the good old days.

JANE HOPE.

Earthbound, and Other Poems. By HELENE MULLINS. Harper. Published February 17.

RARELY is modern verse original. Seldom does it have that vitality which urges rereading. Often its lyricism is undiscoverable. In other words, Miss Mullins's first published volume of poetry is a rarity. Lacking that quality of despair and martyred acceptance which so often marks the present day poet's attitude toward life, "Earthbound" finds contemporary society quite as good as any, finds all societies most desirable; both medieval monks and skyscraper New Yorks have their points of value, it seems. Neither the fragrance of the past nor the freshness of the new is selected for particular praise in this collection of verse, which succeeds in making original and individual interpretations of centuries-old emotions. Love of life is the characteristic note of all these fine lyrics, as in the title piece where the poet went

From dream to dream before my sleep was done,
But when I woke, I lay in wonderment
To realize that all I had conceived
Of paradise was but the best I knew
Of what the earth possessed.

It is impossible to signal out for special praise any one or any group of poems from Miss Mullins's book. "New York" is one of the best, and there are scarcely any that one can afford to miss.

J DANA TASKER.

Royal Elizabeths. By E. THORNTON COOK: Dutton. Published February 15.

THE NAME of Elizabeth came into the royal line of England by way of a commoner, the lovely Elizabeth Woodville, whom Edward IV married, and who was the mother of Elizabeth of York. In this small book the young days of some of England's Elizabeths are described with much charm and with excellent use of source material. The book is dedicated to the little daughter of the Duke of York, and would make an ideal birthday present for any American Elizabeth of English descent.

Elizabeth, the White Rose of York, fulfilled, after an alarming childhood, a great destiny. She married Harry of Richmond (Henry VII) after the battle of Bosworth Field (where Richard would have given his kingdom for a horse) and so united the warring houses of Lancaster and York.

The great Elizabeth comes next, her grand-daughter. Her youth was tempestuous. First she was England's pride, then illegitimate, then, with her half brother, the pupil of Roger Ascham and the most learned princess of Christendom. Then a pawn in the hands of her sister, Bloody Mary. Then queen, and the spacious days of Gloriana had come.

Her god-child was the next Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England, and through her marriage with the count Palatine, progenitress of the house of Hanover.

The last two Elizabeths celebrated in this book are familiar to us through paintings. Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of the martyred king, is the little girl holding the baby in Van Dyke's painting of the royal children. She died at fifteen and left a pathetic letter, the account of her last interview with her father. And Elizabeth, daughter of George III, is one of the Three Princesses by Gainsborough. She lived un-

(*Please Turn to Page 320*)

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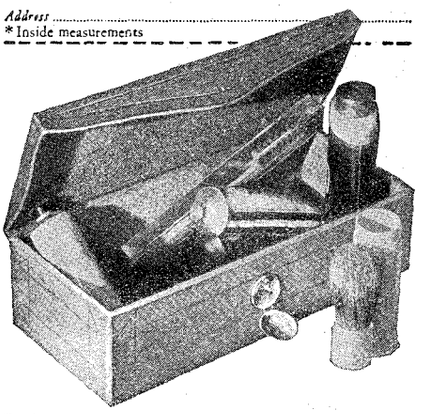

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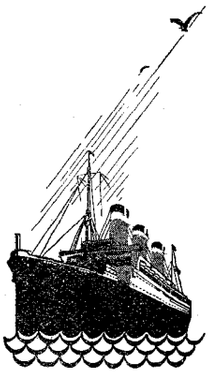

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All Things Are Possible

(*Continued from Page 308*)

mystic who presents the glowing essential heart of Catholicism and whose fine intellect is warmed and goldenly shot through with it, I knew there was no farther to go. I also know the many, many obstacles in the way of reaching Catholicism's vast ideal; I know it is too far a journey for me to make. But those Catholic seers and saints will always seem to me like infinite stars clustering in a mystic Milky Way, a dimly radiant band across the sky which I may never quite see clearly.

It is only very recently that I have been able to declare myself. A few months ago I had to take a long train trip with two friends. Talking for hours while we slid through the dark country, we touched on comparative religions, religion in general. I said something which made the man in the party sit up and stare at me. He is a volcanic man with a low, intense, vibrant voice. "Are *you* a Christian?" he asked, in amazement, in horror, meaning an orthodox Christian. Not shocked religiously, but amazed at a strange phenomenon. He has known me since the young Unitarian days; he is a Unitarian himself. "Yes, I am," I said, and went on to try to answer intelligibly other horrified questions as to the details of what I believed. It was hard, but surprisingly glorious. I was proud that I cared enough about it to put off a natural indifference and indolence, and speak as I did. And I was glad that I was able to speak so.

I feel less and less uncertainty about my right to become a member of the Episcopal Church. I know that "all things are possible" would not be creed enough in the minds of some churchmen. But I have come a long way since that gray afternoon in the vestry office, and I do feel that what I have is enough, and that it grows unceasingly and will so grow. No symbol of divine love and sacred being would be too extreme for me to adopt. The feeling of shyness, of inferiority, as if I who come from nothing in a religious way could never possibly qualify, is passing away. The way I feel about God, about myself, and about my growing certainty that I belong in the Church, with believers, is in that most beautiful benediction which I heard for the first time in those far-away college vespers: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Jesus Christ throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

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From the Life

(Continued from Page 288)

steel, and stone and mockery. Now at last he was conquerer; he had achieved success. But he had underestimated the City.

He who had taught men how to walk dared walk himself along the stony pavements. And when it was dusk one evening the shoemaker walked alone, his head still full of his ideas, his feet carrying him toward his destination. In that moment when the City spied him defenseless he had need of all his magic shoes. But he had forgotten the City and that old enmity.

And so it was her clanging street-car took him by surprise—struck him and left him lying in the street; and observing that the magic shoemaker would never rise again, rushed on its way triumphant.

Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 317)

til Queen Victoria's day. A reluctant young student of English history would find 350 years of it made more lively for her by this small book.

The Lover. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH: Harper. February 15.

THIS SHORT STORY displays Miss Royde-Smith's gifts as a stylist to great advantage. It is a prose rendition of a pure poetic theme; the romantic memories called up by the chance meeting of a successful painter with the love of his long past youth. A paragraph from her description of the view from his London window as it affected her artist will serve as a description of Miss Royde-Smith's own work—"The whole thing was a London pastel, idiosyncratic, sophisticated and a little sentimental. Seen from above like this it offered just such an opportunity for a draughtsman's sleight as he had always taken." Virtuosity is not, however, all there is to "The Lover." There is sympathy and emotion in it, nicely blended with craftsmanship.

Undiscovered Australia. By SIR G. H. HAWKINS: Putnam. Published February 14.

CAPTAIN HAWKINS is a man of daring and imagination and his story of his Arctic flight proved that he is able to write interestingly about his exploits. In this large and fully illustrated book, he tells the stirring story of an expedition which he led into wildest Australia in search of specimens of rare animals for the British Museum. His keen observation, descriptive ability, sense of human interest and ability to see the funny side of hardships combine to make his book as entertaining to the casual reader as it is valuable to naturalists.

REVIEWS of the following books, published this week, are omitted for lack of space and will appear in next week's issue:

The Palmerston-Gladstone Correspondence. By PHILIP GUEDELLA: Harper. Reviewed by Van Wyck Brooks;

George Borrow. By SAMUEL MILTON ELAM: Knopf;

Young Entry. By M. J. FARRELL: Holt;

The Persians Are Coming. By BRUNO FRANK: Knopf, all reviewed by the editor.

The Movies

(Continued from Page 300)

feel it to be our plain duty to send him there. Ordinarily, a "stage show" is something that the professional frequenter of movie theatres feels justified in avoiding; but time doesn't seem half so valuable in the Roxy. More often than not, when we go there, we find ourself staying on, of our own free will, to see the lighting and costuming, the dancing of Patricia Bowman and of the Thirty-two Roxyettes and to listen to the music of Erno Rapee and his immense, self-rising orchestra.

The Roxy is by way of growing into a National institution, and, in our belief, such an eventuality would be neither incongruous nor undeserved, for what the Roxy does, it does well.

▸▸*Actions Before Words*

THE TALKIES, so the story goes, are experimenting with a method that will, if successful, overcome their greatest commercial handicap.

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